

THE ENTERPRISE

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Genuine people can be tied in bundles, but there are no two humbugs alike.

Every good man is a lover, and he prefers to have his love stories turn out right.

Some women can't understand how Eve could have shined for anything less than a diamond.

Pierre Lorillard was not a wealthy man as wealth goes nowadays. He left only \$25,000,000.

Youth and beauty cannot last, but some women still think they can keep the world from finding it out.

In espousing the right be very sure you are not doing so merely to indulge your tendency to be disagreeable.

J. Pierpont Morgan says he worked all through his vacation. There is a growing belief that he worked a lot of English speculators.

Insurance actuaries agree that the expectancy of life is on the increase. Of course, the next move will be to make the people pay for it.

It is said that American boys are reading better books than they used to. They must be shying away from the new historical novels.

When Jimmie eats three kinds of berries at a picnic and comes home sick his mother always wonders where he got his extremely delicate organization.

The inventor of an impenetrable form of armor plate meets with frequent discouragement, but he is still several laps ahead of the seeker after a lawyer-proof will.

It is absurd to ascribe to Napoleon the declining birth rate of France, for it was Napoleon who declared that the mother of the greatest number of children was the greatest woman.

Somehow it is impossible to sympathize very hard with a woman who has three or four big, strong daughters and goes around complaining that the servant girl question is keeping her awake at night.

A Delaware man who deserted his wife five years ago returned the other day and said he went away "just to have a joke on her." A few moments later the woman sprung a much richer joke on him by introducing her newer husband.

The captain on a Cunauder forced a skin gambler to give up his gains. The gambler, of course, regards it as an unjust discrimination, as a man who does not read the papers enough to keep away from steamboat poker is pretty sure to give his money to the first bunco man he meets after he goes ashore.

It is announced by a writer who has made a study of the subject, that a fairly developed nose is necessary in the production of the distinctive human voice. But what may be called over-nasality in speech is responsible for tones which are too distinctive to be agreeable. The gentle art of being attractive lays emphasis on keeping a proper relation between nose and voice.

How matters sanitary have changed about since we occupied Havana. Here are all the Havana health authorities saying that the United States ought to enforce vaccination more strenuously or the disease will be carried into Havana, where there has not been a case for a year. Under the Spanish rule smallpox was so common in Havana that nobody thought anything of it, accepting its presence in a spirit of fatalism.

A fine illustration of successive polygamy as practiced under the forms of law in this country was given in a Chicago court. A man who had contracted a bigamous marriage was divorced from his first wife and the indictment against him was quashed on condition that he would pay No. 1 certain alimony and remarry No. 2 without delay. Perhaps as a settlement of what appeared to be a bad job for all of the persons immediately concerned this arrangement was the best that could have been made, but if bigamy is a crime which can be condoned by process of law why cannot the same principle be applied to other offenses?

Girls who object to earning their living by doing ordinary housework may look differently upon a position in Uncle Sam's domestic service. If so, they will be interested to know that good cooks have recently been and perhaps are now in great demand by the Civil Service Commission, and that in these positions the government offers excellent compensation, and at the same time places those who hold them under civil service rules. The wages range from \$35 a month and board to \$450 a year. The positions are mostly in the government Indian schools. No educational tests are required, but successful applicants must have had practical experience in the management of a household, and above all, must know how to do what they are hired to do, that is, cook.

Visitors from abroad have often remarked that while the American husband insists upon having his wife well dressed he himself is usually plainly clad and with little evident regard to

personal adornment. That the American wife does not always acquiesce in this arrangement, however, is indicated in the case of the woman who had her husband brought into court because of certain eccentricities, foremost among them being that he insists on going unshaved and unshorn. "Just look at him," said the lady in the passion of her sorrow, "and see what I've got to put up with." The sympathetic court decreed a fine of \$15, which it is to be hoped will inspire the husband with a resolve to reform, and the precedent thus fixed may be of vital moment to careless husbands everywhere. If it is within the province of the courts to say that a husband must keep his whiskers trimmed within reasonable lengths, the magistrates should have jurisdiction also over coats, trousers, shoes and neckties. It might even be within the legal rights of a wife to make her spouse wear the wonderful neckties which she buys, though it is hardly probable that many courts would go so far.

It is not always the most important legal cases which involve the nicest points of law. For instance: A housewife in the southwestern part of Chicago was recently robbed of a setting hen and seven eggs. Later she discovered seven newly hatched chickens in the yard of a neighbor. Reasoning along well-known lines upon this circumstantial evidence, she had the neighbor arrested. The problem thus forced before a police magistrate may not be so momentous, but it promises to be fully as intricate as the Supreme Court's decisions in the insular cases. Supposing that a theft was committed; the thief stole eggs—not chickens. How can he be held guilty of stealing one thing when the stolen thing in his possession is something else? The prosecution admits that he didn't steal the property actually found in his possession, and the property which he is alleged to have stolen does not exist. Moreover, even if it be held that his offense consisted in the appropriation of prospective, or potential chickens, how can he be required to make restitution? It would be unfair to call upon him to pay for the eggs which he does not have. And it would be obviously inequitable to call upon him to make repayment in chickens when the taking of eggs was the whole of his offense. Any poultryer knows that seven eggs by no means constitute seven latent but positively assured chickens.

What do you know about bicycles and bicycle factories? Albert A. Pope is looking for somebody to supervise his plant and is ready to pay \$25,000 a year. That's as much as the Presidents of the United States used to get. Perhaps you know more about steel. Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, wants eight men as managers of steel plants at salaries of \$25,000 a year. How can a salary of \$25,000 a year be paid? It is the result of consolidations or the building up of enormous plants. Where once were four or five or even ten superintendents at salaries of \$3,000 to \$10,000 apiece, one manager now oversees all the plants combined. While the modern manager's salary is not equal to the combined salaries of those he supplanted, it nevertheless exceeds any former single salary probably more than enough to equal the increased ability required in conducting a composite institution. The more the factories combine, the larger the salaries of capable superintendents, but slight should not be lost of the fact that the greater the combinations, the fewer the large salaries paid. A \$25,000 superintendent means the reduction to a lower grade of several \$5,000 superintendents. Generally speaking when men are to be reduced or let out, the most capable man is retained. In the struggle for existence the fittest survive. The fittest in this case means the man best able to manage a great plant profitably. Whether the welfare of society is promoted by these industrial prodigies is a question some coming generation will be better able to answer correctly than ours. It may be, as the socialists maintain, that the consolidations are merely steps toward ultimate State ownership, that after a while the creatures will be as powerful as the State which, for its own salvation, will assume control. At any rate \$25,000 is more than the entire investment in many enterprises absorbed by trusts. Whatever the outcome of the social condition that creates kings of industry, the man whose skill is in demand can be pardoned for accepting \$25,000 a year and awaiting the solution of the trust problem.

What Man Can't Do.

Since he came before the public, man has done wonders. He has navigated the ocean; he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens; he has harnessed the waterfalls, and made them light the great cities of the world. But he can't find a reel of thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the wardrobe; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line right end up. He cannot hold pegs in his mouth while he is doing it, either. He cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do two things at a time. But a woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over and watch that the cat does not steal the remnant of the meat on the kitchen table and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not half try.

After the groom has given the preacher an envelope, the preacher's wife has no more interest in the proceedings, being devoured with curiosity to know what amount was enclosed.

STRANGE SEA FIGHT.

THRILLING ENCOUNTER WITH A MARINE ELEPHANT.

Huge Animal Almost Forty Feet in Length and Weighing Thirteen Tons Is Captured Near Falkland Islands, Off the Patagonian Coast.

One of the strangest sea fights on record is that which the crew of the British warship had lately with a sea elephant near the Falkland Islands, off the sea coast of Patagonia.

As actual proof of the tremendous size of this little known marine monster, its head, trunk and ribs have been sent to the British Museum in London, where they will be put on exhibition.

H. M. S. Flora is a second-class protected cruiser. She had just arrived at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, and the commander, desiring to go ashore, ordered the gig to be lowered and manned.

The sea was comparatively smooth, and the boat shot along rapidly, propelled by six stalwart blue-jackets. On nearing the shore, however, they saw a strange creature in the water. What it was they did not know. It churned and beat the water into the whiteness of snow within a few fathoms of the boat.

Then the splashing and beating ceased, and from the hissing foam arose what seemed to be the dark head of an infuriated elephant. For a second the creature glared at the astonished boat's crew; then, with an ear-splitting scream, lowered its head, and like an arrow came for the boat.

There was no time to do anything, to jump or even think. Crash! and the frail craft rose bodily into the air, while the bruised and half-stunned occupants were thrown violently into the sea. Fortunately for them, the monster's attention seemed exclusively riveted upon the boat, the fragments of which it literally smashed into matchwood.

Neither the commander nor his men seem to know very well how they reached land, so exhausted and unstrung had the experience left them.

Returning later to the cruiser on a shore boat, the commander determined pluckily to organize a party for the hunting down and, if possible, the capture of their assailant. On the following day nine boats went forth, each containing the full complement of men armed with rifles, and among whom were several harpooners.

Advancing in a semi-circle, the boats drew across the small bay which had been the scene of the previous day's incident. Till within fifty yards from the shore nothing unusual occurred. Then suddenly a huge black mass rose threateningly in a circle of foam and quite close to the center boats. Two harpooners poised their weapons, which in another instant struck quivering in the monster's body, while a shower of bullets followed in a volley.

With an angry snort of pain, the creature darted toward the nearest boat, only to be met by another deadly volley, fired at its close range, which ripped and tore it unmercifully. Dazed by such a reception, the monster appeared to hesitate. Another volley followed, and when the smoke cleared there was nothing visible on the surface save a streaking of blood-red foam. When the harpoon lines, while the men sat excitedly waiting a reappearance of the foe.

"He's making in for the shore now, sir!" shouted one of the officers to the commander, and the boats were signaled to close in. For nearly two minutes the brute remained below, swimming slowly back and forward; then, on reappearing, it lay quietly, as though exhausted. The boats approached cautiously, and when quite close five more harpooners were transfixed; then instantly dividing, the boats pulled rapidly for the shore.

Now commenced a tug-of-war lasting for nearly three hours, till at last, weak with struggling and loss of blood, the huge monster was hauled into shallow water to await the receding tide. Not one of the party, from the commander down to the little midly, but was thankful for the rest.

In about an hour's time the tide had gone out sufficiently, and the battle began again, but now all the advantage lay with the sailors. After a vicious struggle in which several blue-jackets were severely injured by fragments of rock hurled about by the monster in its death throes, it lay battered, silent and motionless.

This gigantic specimen of sea life is macrorhinus or proboscideous, measuring just under forty feet long, and weighing over thirteen tons. It has a trunk four feet long, and a general conformation closely resembling that of the ordinary elephant, save that there are huge fins in place of legs. It is found only in Antarctic waters.

LAST OF THE FIRE WALKERS.

Tahitian Who Will Carry to the Grave a Curious Secret.

Papa Ita, a South Sea Islander who has been in California for some time, has sailed for his home in Tahiti and will there devote the remainder of his life to the service of Hinanui-te-Aara, the pagan goddess of fire. With him will perish a secret which has baffled many scientific investigators. Papa Ita is able to walk to and fro across the stone bed of a furnace when the rocks glow with heat. The same stones will sear and blacken fresh meat in a second, but this venerable islander walks unscathed. When he steps off the stones the soles of his bare feet are not marked in any way.

While in Honolulu recently Papa Ita, in the presence of a number of Ameri-

cans, gave one of his wonderful performances. A large square space was dug in the earth, and into it was thrown a great quantity of wood. On this was laid several tons of lava and then the wood was set on fire. When nothing was left but live coals, the lava having become almost white hot, Papa Ita removed his shoes. Then he placed a wreath of leaves on his brow, and holding in his right hand a wand cut from a shrub he approached the furnace, crooning what sounded like a melancholy incantation. Without hesitation he stepped upon the rocks and walked across, all the while singing in a low tone. Except for a few shuddering cries from the spectators, there was breathless stillness until the old man stepped on the ground once more.

An immediate rush was made to examine the soles of his feet, which had been carefully scanned by physicians before the exhibition. The same medical men were first to look when Papa Ita stepped off the glowing lava. His feet were unharmed. Once again he walked across the furnace, stopping in the middle to gaze about him, and once more he was found to be unharmed. He claims that his secret has been handed down to him from ancestors many centuries ago, they having been the chosen people of Hinanui-te-Aara, who has protected them from all harm.

"Because my people have been untrue to the goddess of fire," said the aged priest in his own language, "she has decreed that I shall die childless, and with me must perish the secret of fire. I know not how or why I am able to walk on fire without harm. I only know that it is so, and that it is the power of Hinanui-te-Aara expressed in a miracle. It is no trick."

While he was in San Francisco he was urged to give an exhibition, but said he was admonished by the goddess not to do so, but to return home with all speed.

THE SILVER OF THE NAVY.

Waldon Fawcett Tells of Beautiful Silver Service on Battleships.

In the Woman's Home Companion, Waldon Fawcett has an article on "Presenting a Silver Service to a Battleship." He not only describes some of the most interesting pieces of plate, but goes into the details of the presentation. The following is an extract:

"The method of procedure when a sovereign State undertakes to procure some handsome tableware for the jolly tars who it regards as specially under its care is an interesting one. It is customary, almost as soon as the Navy Department has announced that one of the battleships building or projected will bear the name of a certain State, for her representatives in Congress to hold a meeting and launch a project for presenting the vessel with a silver service. Next prominent naval officers have to be consulted with regard to the number of pieces considered desirable, and as to their design and finish. It is notable that the authorities consulted under such circumstances are certain to be almost unanimous in their advocacy of simplicity of design. The naval officers are also very likely to suggest the desirability of securing massive ware and pieces large enough to prevent their being easily lost. The regular committee, which has meanwhile been appointed, embodies this advice in a circular, and invites all the leading silversmiths of the country to submit competitive designs. Not infrequently these sketches are all completed and on exhibition long before the funds have been raised. Thus there is ample opportunity for the thorough discussion of the artistic merit of the various suggestions. Then comes the award of the contract, and finally, after a year or two, the formal presentation ceremonies, which are attended by prayer and music and much speech-making. The presentation address is made by the Governor or some other State dignitary, and the captain commanding the new vessel endeavors to express the gratitude of the ship's company."

Was the Piano Safe?

Some time ago a famous pianist was giving recitals in an Irish city. He invariably took a piano with him to the different towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the pianist practiced at his hotel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond.

One night, after the conclusion of a recital the musician was alarmed to learn that his hotel was on fire. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the messenger as to the fate of his beloved instrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed. The messenger replied that an attempt had been made to get it out, but this was not successful.

Noticing the crestfallen look in the face of his questioner, the man hastened to add:

"But make yer mind alsy, yer honor. Sure, the pianer will be quite safe, for as I was leavin' the hose was playin' on it."—London Tit-Bits.

Rain Drops Measured.

A painstaking meteorologist has undertaken the laborious task of measuring the dimensions of rain drops. He finds that the largest are about one-sixth of an inch, the smallest one-fifth hundredth of an inch, in diameter. They are larger in summer than in winter, and larger in hot than in cold climates. The size of the drop when it reaches the earth depends on the height from which it has fallen. In summer the lower strata of air are warmer than in winter, and therefore clouds are formed at a greater height. The drops falling from these clouds, therefore, are larger than the winter drops.

No firecracker is big enough for a boy.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

MAN'S LOVE OF MONOTONY.

MY husband is an unnatural monster," said the young wife who boards. "He has no sympathy with my ambitions and no patience with my highest aspirations. I'll tell you why I say it. Last Friday, you know, was a very hot day, but, nevertheless, I had become so tired of my room as it was that I decided just to relieve the monotony of things, I'd change the furniture around. The chambermaid and I worked all that morning to accomplish this feat. We put the bed where the bureau had been and the bureau where the couch had once stood, and the couch under the mantelpiece, and then everything looked so improved that I felt encouraged to dress and go downtown shopping.

"When I got back it was luncheon time, and husband was home. He had been home fifteen minutes, he said, and how do you think that horrid man had employed that time? Why, in pulling the furniture back into its accustomed places. When I came in the couch was once more under the window and that provoking man was sitting on it.

"How d'ye do?" he said, cheerfully; "I'd like to rise to greet you, my dear, but I'm afraid if I do the couch might be moved again, so I'll just sit here and guard it, and you'll have to come to me."

"That's what it is to have a husband who has no sympathy with one's plans for improvement."



A note directly from Fashion's headquarters declares that there are new linings in the shape of broades that are designed to show through the summer dresses. These are in Oriental patterns, very vivid and sharp, so that the outside acts merely as veiling. A new brocade, intended for a lining, was figured in swirling designs in bright blue and Turkish red. The figures were in circular form, and twisted one around the other, showing the colors in sharp contrast. The silk upon which they were brocade was not heavy, though it had the appearance of being such, nor was it an expensive silk, yet it was showy, and so it fulfilled all the missions required of it. Over its vivid coloring was worn a silk mill with narrow satin stripes, a really lovely gown, made three lovely by its under color. White is decidedly the prettiest overcolor that can be found, but the pale yellow, all the creams, the light salmon, and the faded pinks are considered just as effective as white, because they are only the slightest bit removed from it. It is a very clever idea, and sure to be popular, for it gives the elusive effects so much in vogue. It is probably a development of veiling the pompadour silks with chiffon or plain silks appliqued with cretonne.

Always renovate a silk before using it even for a lining. Either removes many stains from colored silk, but be sure that all dust is wiped off before the ether is applied, and keep rubbing it to prevent the forming of a circle where the ether stops. French chalk may be used on any color without injury. It also removes grease, mud stains, etc. Old black woolen gowns may be ripped, brushed and put in the washtub in warm soapsuds made of soapbark, and washed without rubbing on the board, rinsed in bluing water and hung out to dry. While still damp iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry. Remove grease spots before washing with French chalk or gasoline, remembering always that the latter is explosive. Cashmere, serge and such goods look like new when thus treated, and give good wear. A black gown is such a convenience that I can hardly imagine a wardrobe without one. If but one black gown can be afforded have it of wool and of as good quality as possible.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Advice About Letter Writing.

I would say that the most striking thing about an ideal letter is its flavor of the personality of the writer. A letter should convey, as nearly as possible, the same effect as would a talk between the writer and her correspondent. What is a good letter to your mother or sister perhaps would be worthless to anyone else. Always remember to whom you are writing, and write to and for that one person.

General descriptions and observations will be out of place in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred. Make your letter an index of your mind on the subjects you believe to be interesting to the one to whom you are writing. Put your own individuality into even your observations on the weather. Avoid long excuses for not writing earlier or more frequently. Like apologies for not returning visits and calls, those of the lagging letter-writer only emphasize the neglect. Make up for previous

shortcomings by writing fully, sympathetically and vivaciously, so that the pleasure of reading your letter will outweigh any disappointment you may have given, or cause it to be forgotten.—Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.



The child starts life with its own vocabulary, says Harper's Bazar. From alpha to omega all utterance which the sages have piled up in the treasure houses of stored speech is his, concentrated into that first piercing, shapeless wall which is his greeting to life; that cry whose burden is: "Food! I am alive. I am a citizen of the world. You who are responsible for my being give me food! Give me food that I may live. Give me food that I may live to work for food. Life is working for food of one kind or another till we die!" And from this initial wall of the newborn clamoring for nature's sustenance springs all the nomenclature of tools, crafts, families, feuds, society, sin, love, life and death! Now as the first food is specially prepared by Mother Nature with reference to the delicate digestive mechanism of the new-born, so the human mother softens speech to fit the nascent understanding, the unaccustomed ear. Just as languages have to grow from simple, radical beginnings to an infected organism, so has individual speech to develop into formed words out of shapeless sounds.

When Buying Shoes. You will hardly believe, says Woman's Life, that there are special times and seasons for the trying on of new shoes, but so it is. You need a larger pair of shoes in summer than in winter, and it is always best to try them on in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them or makes them swell; much standing also tends to enlarge the feet. New shoes should be tried on over moderately thick stockings, then you can put on a thinned pair to ease your feet if the shoes seem too tight. It is remarkable what a difference the stockings make. If they are too large or too small they will be nearly as uncomfortable as a pair of shoes that are too tight. New shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper, and patiently sponged with hot water.

Directs Vacation Schools. Miss S. E. Hodges, of Baltimore, has been selected by the New York Board of Education as general director of the sixteen summer vacation schools and twenty-eight playgrounds. The new director is the originator of playgrounds in Baltimore and conducted games and classes in manual training in connection with them. Miss Hodges is a graduate of Vassar. One part of the features in Miss Hodges' work which is original with her is the "story hour" idea. For courses heretofore given by Miss Hodges for children of from 6 to 10 years of age she has chosen such subjects as "Idealists," selecting the great men of the world's history in science, exploration, religion, etc., telling a simple story of their lives from earliest childhood.

Signs of Old Age in Woman. When letters to girl friends are mostly addressed "Mrs." When she begins to care a great deal about the supper at an entertainment. When she feels a sudden interest in church and charity work. When she is attractive to very young men.

When she realizes the folly of dressing in sober colors. When she compares the new way of wearing the hair with that when she first put hers up.

When—most fatal of all—the gravit, of youth gradually gives way to incipient kittenishness.—New York Evening Sun.

Cool Neck Fixings.

Three or four rows of narrow satin ribbon feather-stitched together, on above the other, with the long ends left to draw around the neck, and fasten with some quaint buckle in front, make an extremely pretty stock, and one easily manufactured at home. Collar mad of beading, and threaded through with velvet ribbon whose ends are tied in tiny bows either in front or back, at another simple but pretty idea for those who like variety in their neckwear.

Polish for Brown Shoes.

Lemon juice and milk well rubbed make an excellent polish for brown shoes. Afterward rub with a soft duster. Stains may be removed by rubbing with methylated spirit. Polish afterward either with the lemon juice and milk or with the following cream. One ounce of muriatic acid, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of spirits of lavender, half an ounce of guaiacum and half an ounce of skim milk.



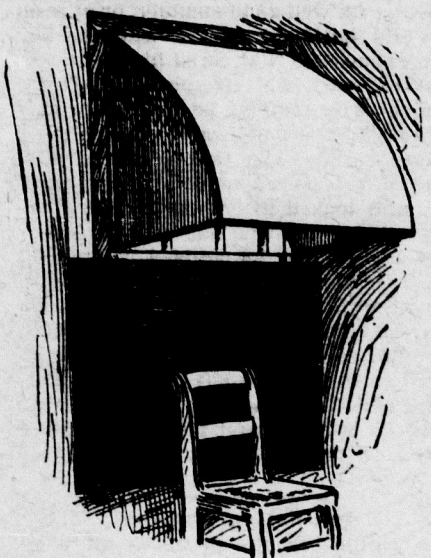
Amateur Photography

Taking Portraits at Home.

One of the most interesting features of amateur photography is the taking of portraits. This work is of two kinds—the out of door snap shot portraiture that is often very successful, so far as the “likeness” goes, but always lacks the fine balancing of light and shade, and the artistic finish of a portrait that is taken where the amount and the direction of the light can be controlled.

For the majority of amateurs the light that comes from the ordinary house window must be utilized.

The trouble encountered here is that



ARRANGEMENT FOR LIGHTING A SITTER.

a north window in a dwelling house admits too small an amount of light, while the direct sunlight of a south window is as bad as are out of door conditions. The strong light of a sunny window may be made to serve the purpose of the portrait taker.

A dark cloth is placed across the lower sash, before which the sitter is placed, with the side of the body toward it, according to location of the camera. In front of the upper sash of the window is constructed a hood. The framework of this is of strips of wood put together in the form shown in the illustration. The curved pieces can be made of barrel hoops.

This framework is made to hang up on hooks against the window casing. It is covered with white cloth to reflect

the light down upon the sitter. Over this is put a cover of black cloth, that the light may not come through and strike the lens of the camera.

White and black paper will answer as well as cloth. The camera must be placed high enough on the tripod or the hood be brought down low enough so that no light from the upper sash may fall upon the camera lens. If the camera is placed directly in front of the window, the cloth covering the lower sash will form the background of the portrait. If the sitter sits with his side toward the window, a background should be hung from the side of the hood, coming down behind the sitter.

If at any time the light is too strong, a square of white muslin can be pinned across the base of the hood above the head of the sitter. This will diffuse the light somewhat and temper it. With these suggestions the amateur ought to be able by experimenting to reach a successful method of portrait taking in his own house. Some experimenting is necessary, since in no two houses are the conditions of light and windows exactly the same.—Webb Donnell, in the Household.

The so-called sensitometer number of dry plates is a delusion. Why plate-makers keep it up is one of the things photographers cannot explain. One firm uses 26 as indicating about the extreme of rapidity, another has 60, and there is a third with 40. What does it all amount to, anyway? Dry plates take on rapidity with age, and a plate that is “medium” when new will be chain lightning, or whatever else you want to call it, after it has been kept long enough. Some of the makers of the best plates are dropping the numbering and giving a name to distinguish the slower from the extremely rapid. That is all right and answers all purposes.

A scratch on the negative can be filled with Canada balsam thinned down with chloroform, so that it will print all right, as the refractive index of balsam is about the same as glass.

Dust out your holders and rub over the slides carefully. Wipe off the plates also before loading. The sprinkle of fine holes often found on the negative is caused by dust.

CRIME WITH THE PEN

REMARKABLE FORGERIES THAT ARE STILL REMEMBERED.

There Have Been Others as Clever as the Famous “Jim the Penman”—A Forger Who Fooled Bank Officials in Several European Cities.

The history of forgery records many marvelously clever and audacious feats, but the most daring and skillful of them all stands to the credit, or rather discredit, of that most dramatic of forgers, Jim the Penman.

When Jim was arrested at Memphis, Tenn., on a charge of forgery he was able to produce so many striking testimonials to his character from the principal men in the United States that the judge considerably reduced the severity of his sentence.

He had been in prison only a few weeks when the governor of the jail received an official notification that an influential petition signed by the judge, jury and many leading citizens, had been forwarded to the Governor of the State praying for the convict's release on the ground that “he bore an excellent character, and had been a dupe and not a willing or conscious agent in the forgery,” and a month or two later an order was received from the Governor commanding his release.

It was some time afterward that the discovery was made that testimonials, petitions and order for release were all the product of Jim's own clever pen, and that they had been actually written in jail with the connivance of a friendly warder.

Twenty years ago a convicted murderer was lying in Newgate prison under sentence of death, when a reprieve was handed to the Governor. Some informally aroused his suspicions, and the matter was placed in the hands of detectives, who discovered that the reprieve had been forged by a man who had a “conscientious objection” to the death penalty, and who had taken this daring means of preventing it in this particular case.

A few years ago a Greek presented himself at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with a roll of ancient manuscript which he wished the authorities to purchase. The most recent of them dated from the thirteenth century, and, one by one, the dusty time-stained parchments were submitted to the late Mr. Cox, the librarian, who examined them without comment. The last of them, a document ostensibly as old as the most ancient New Testament manuscripts, was proudly placed on the table. “Now, how old do you think that is?” the Greek asked, in undisguised triumph. “About the middle of this century,” Mr. Cox quietly answered, as he examined it carefully, and almost before the words were out of his mouth the Greek had snatched up his forgeries and was out of the room.

It is doubtful whether any forger, ancient or modern, was more skillful than B—, who for many years baffled the combined ingenuity of the bankers of London. Mr. B—'s forte was the forging and manipulation of letters of credit on foreign banks.

About eight years ago he deposited a sum of £300 with a London bank, receiving a letter of credit for this amount on the bank's continental agent. Within a few days he drew this amount from a Swiss bank, the letter being duly canceled and the amount drawn in cash. To anyone but B— the note would have been absolutely useless; but he did not take this view at all. By means of chemicals he removed the cancellation marks and indorsement, and presented the note again in Belgium; again he used his chemicals and drew another £300 in Paris, repeating the process until on that single note for £300 he had drawn ten times the amount.

To make such tricks impossible the amounts were in future given on the notes in water mark, to which our forger proceeded to add a cipher, also in water mark, thus enabling him again to draw £3,000 on a £300 note. To the water mark was then added the amount in perforated figures; but B— simply cut out both water mark and perforation from the note, cunningly inserted a new piece of paper in pulp, and on it forged figures for ten times the amount or more.

So skillfully were the substitution of fresh paper and the forgeries of the figures effected that even with a microscope it was impossible to see that the note had been tampered with, and on one occasion B— actually forged an entire note so perfectly that even the bank officials who were supposed to have issued it could not detect the fraud.

Two men were sitting in a public house waiting for a man with whom an arrangement had been made to concoct a money-making crime, when the door was silently and stealthily opened and a head furtively introduced and much more quickly withdrawn. Not quickly enough, however, for in that brief instant its owner had been recognized, and before he had proceeded five yards a detective's hand was placed on his shoulder. Thus “Jim the Penman,” in spite of all his cleverness, fell at last into the simplest of traps and his career came to an end.

“Weel, mates, I ain't a-goin' ter tell ye as we're gotten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich things as a honest politician breathin'.” Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, an' I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This,” indicating the by no means comfortable candidate, “this is ‘im.”

That was all.

“I suppose,” said the tenderfoot to Two-Tooth Thompson, “I suppose that you are what we Easterners call a ‘bad man.’”

“Well, I don't exactly know,” replied Mr. Thompson, “but I'll say this for myself, I don't need no guide when I'm huntin' fer trouble.”—Baltimore American.

A key of old will not unlock the gates of wisdom.

“The white pine tree is disappearing,” said a student of the conifer family to a reporter in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, “though now that attention has been called to the ruthless destruction of the trees the various schemes of reforestation and

conservative lumbering are being given consideration. It has been calculated that the original stand of white pine in Canada and the United States represents something like five hundred billion feet of merchantable lumber, board measure. In 1899 it was computed that the stand had been reduced to one hundred and ten billion feet, sixty-four billion being in the United States in the region of the great lakes, forty billion in Canada and six billions scattering.

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NIAGARA FALLS.

Is that Tremendous Cataract's Voice to Be Hushed Forever?

No illusions as to the ultimate destiny of Niagara Falls are entertained by the Electrical Review, and not only does it believe, with most people who have given serious and practical consideration to the question whether the United States and Canada can afford to maintain the cataract as a spectacle, that the utilization of the power available there will continue until no water is left to run over the precipice, but it says so boldly, and does not talk nonsense about “inappreciable” differences in the amount of water to make the plunge as one company after another diverts big fractions of it into underground channels. Already the town by the falls, once a village of hotels and curio shops, with no industries except those related to the exploitation of sightseers, has grown to an important manufacturing city, and a discussion, which is not likely to remain factious, has begun as to whether Niagara Falls is a suburb of Buffalo, or Buffalo a suburb of Niagara Falls.

The river is a big one, however, and the cataract will be an impressive spectacle for many years to come. At present some half a million horse-power has been or soon will be developed, and as yet neither the beauty nor the magnificence of the cataract has been decreased to a degree noticeable to any except the most careful observer. Just the same the falls are doomed as falls, and a few generations hence, if there are any sentimentalists left then, they will look with sorrow on a large, dry wall of rock which no man alive has ever seen. Of course the change will be lamentable in some respects, but the cost of preserving the cataract as it is would be so enormous that the thought of paying it must pass away.—New York Times.

Frontier Justice.

A young Arizona lawyer who recently visited Detroit gave the following as an example of the style of justice that prevails in some remote sections of the frontier:

A certain justice of the peace whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar was hearing an assault and battery case. The lawyer for the defense was shouting his arguments when the court said:

“That will do. Set down.”

He then adjusted his spectacles and sagely observed:

“Prisoner, stand up! Accordin' tah th' law an' th' evidence—an' there is no evidence—Oh foid yez guilty, sor, an' foid ye \$50. If yez air guilty, faith, it's a very loight sintince; an' if yez are not guilty it'll be a mighty good lesson for ye.”—Detroit Free Press.

A Gentle Thrust.

A story related by Correspondent McDonald of the discovery of a Boer who had received a terrible bayonet wound through the ribs. As the man was being carried into the British lines a London “Tommy” who was watching him asked if he was badly hurt.

“Yes,” said the doctor; “do you know him?”

“Course I do,” said the soldier; “he's one o' mine. I giv' it ‘im, but I did it as gentle as I could. It wasn't the shovin' in—it was the pullin' out. Lucky for ‘im he met me!”—London Chronicle.

“There comes my special,” said a brakeman the other day, as he looked up and saw his wife approaching.

A man should not be blamed for the mistakes he makes; he should be credited as he profits by them.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



The Power of a Hymn.

A beautiful story was told by Prof. Drummond concerning Wesley's hymn, “Jesus, Lover of My Soul.” Two Americans, who were crossing the Atlantic, met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn,

“Jesus, Lover of My Soul,”

one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and although he did not know the face he thought he knew the voice, so when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had not been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. “Were you at such a place on such a night?” asked the first. “Yes,” he replied, “and a curious thing happened that night, which this hymn has recalled to my mind.

“I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

“All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.”

“After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear.”

“Now,” said the other, “listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focussed upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out:

“Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.”

I said, ‘Boys, lower your rifles. We will go home.’”

With Eyes on the Goal.

There are no opportunities for those who have no life purpose. This is the secret of countless of the sad failures of life. Who does not remember young men, brilliant, eager, practical often, for whom people confidently predicted success, to whom, indeed, success seemed almost inevitable, should no exceptional misfortune bar the way, who yet in five years or ten settled down into commonplace positions, with no hope of anything better? The reason? Simply that these young men, quick and keen and bright though they were, had no definite purpose toward which all their energies were bent, and so they drifted wherever circumstances swept them, until they lost all inclination and consequently all power to master their own lives. The world may be full of wonderful scenes of beauty and grandeur, but to the blind man there can be no opportunity of seeing them. The fault is not in the splendid views, for they may lie endless about him; it is in his own eyes. But to the man who sets his life to one all-controlling purpose it seems as if both heaven and earth defer. Failure cannot daunt him, for he recognizes no such word. His will, unchallenged potent, commands, and opportunities flock to him. Even in worldly affairs this happens, though at the end may be pronounced the solemn vanitas vanitatum; for it is one of God's laws that the steadfast will shall achieve, whether for good or evil. But when a soul holds its will unwaveringly to the highest resolution in the universe—that of finding God's purpose for it and building its life to that—then, indeed, must its days be miracles, full of the power and the glory of God.—Bishop Spaulding.

Close at Hand.

The day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of the days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourself and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company,
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;

He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too;
The days that are long to live are His,
A bit of his bright eternities,
And close to our needs his helping is.

O eyes that were holden and blinded quite,
And caught no glimpse of the dying light;
O deaf, deaf ears which did not hear
The heavenly garment trailing near!
O faithless heart which dared to fear!

—Christian Press.

Perpetuating Their Memory.

There is an Oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. They both

wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fall, but which, as the years rolled on, might sound their name and praises far abroad. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted a great obelisk on its base, carving its form in beautiful devices and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its side. Ahmed, with deeper wisdom and truer though sadder heart, dugged a well to cheer the sandy waste, and planted about it tall date-palms, to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrims.

Commenting on this, J. R. Miller says that these two deeds illustrate two ways in either of which we may live. We may think of self and worldly success and fame, living to make a name splendid as the tall sculptured obelisk, but as cold and useless to the world. Or we may make our life like a well in the desert, with cool shade about it, to give drink to the thirsty and shelter to the faint.

Thought-Life.

“As a man thinks so is he,” has been written with terrible truth, for thoughts leave their mark deep on soul and face alike. Threads they are from which the swift-flying shuttles of our days, with a changing pattern of deeds, weave the web of character on the great loom of eternity. May the threads be strong and the colors pure for the eye of the Master at the end of the weaving.—S. S. Times.

Inevitable.

Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last;
Earth's sands are slow, but surely dropping through;
And much we have to suffer, much to do.

Before the time be past.
—Christina Rossetti.

Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread.

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower.

And the sun, and the Father's will.
—Sunday School Times.

HATS WORN BY NOTABLE MEN.

Head Covering Worn by Daniel O'Connell Heads the List.

Not long ago a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was passed round for inspection at a meeting of the County Kildare Archaeological Society at Nans, says the London Globe. The name of the famous owner was written inside it, in his own handwriting, and it had been made by Christy, the well-known London hatter. The hat was of considerable dimensions, the width inside being 8½ inches, and its longest diameter 10 inches. The chairman caused some amusement by putting the hat on his head, which it entirely covered, coming down to his chin.

The late Mr. Gladstone required a hat of the size known as 7½ inches, which was exactly what Lord Macaulay's measurement was. Lord Beaconsfield, however, wore a hat of 7 inches, the size which nicely fits His Majesty King Edward VII.

Charles Dickens, the late Lord Selborne, and John Bright all wore hats of the same size, 7½; but Thackeray required 7½-inch larger. A former archbishop of York, the well-known Dr. Thompson, needed a hat fully 8 inches in diameter, but his friend the illustrious Dean Stanley found a 6½ of sufficient size. Joseph Hume, M. P., the great financier, required a hat as large as O'Connell's; but the present German emperor finds comfort in a 6½ hat.

President Loubet is the possessor of a notable hat. It is the silk one he wore on the occasion of his visit to the Antwerp races nearly two years ago, when he was assaulted by Baron Christian. The latter struck the President's hat with his cane; whereupon, according to the Paris Figaro, an American millionaire offered £540 for it. The hat, however, did not change hands.

One of the most extraordinary hats ever made belonged to General Grant, and was presented to him on the occasion of his visit to Mexico in 1882. It was a Mexican sombrero, and was said to have cost as much as £300.

Scotland's national poet, Robert Burns, required a hat of the 7½ size, while Sir Walter Scott's headgear was just one-eighth smaller. The size taken by the Duke of Cornwall and York is understood to be 6½.—Tid-Bits.

The Historical Novel.

An analysis of the historical novel discloses four essential elements, viz.: 1. It was a—evening in the month of —, 16—. 2. “Gadzooks!” 3. “Odsbodkins!” 4. The end.

The first three elements are important commercially; the fourth is a graceful concession to art.—Detroit Journal.

His Inference.

Jiggs—I suppose you had a glorious time at the banquet last night.

Jiggs—Well, no; I don't believe I did.

Jiggs—You don't “believe” you did?

Jiggs—No; my wife didn't make any row this morning, so I must have come home comparatively sober.—Philadelphia Record.

Whipsawed.

The Chicago divorcee was talking about her former husbands. “What was the matter with the first?” asked her friend. “He didn't understand me.”

And the second? “He did.”—Cleveland World.

A bachelor says the most difficult punctuation is putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

A COWARDLY SOVEREIGN.

The Sultan's Unhappy Life Through Fear of Assassination.

The most arrant coward among the royal folk of Europe is Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. A record of his life would be a drama of cowardice, and the most fearful of dramas at that. Terror of man, of disease, of the calamities of nature, of aught spelling “death,” is the trait in the Sultan's character that dominates all the others.

One day M. Vambéry, the Hungarian orientalist, was received informally at the palace. This was not an unusual thing, as Prof. Vambéry had been Abdul's tutor. Quite naturally, then, the



ABDUL HAMID.

Sultan turned to the one guard in the apartment and ordered him to retire. The guard took a step backward and halted as rigid as before. Abdul repeated the order; same result. Once more he had to command and this time the man obeyed.

Prof. Vambéry was astonished at this evidence of lack of absolute power in the Sultan's private household. Abdul smiled, and explained. It happened often that he wished to show faith in a guest—that is, only apparently. He would order the guard to retire, the guard would remain, and Abdul would go on with the conversation, seemingly under the impression that the guard had really gone. Only the third command was to be taken literally.

When the Sultan has finished this little confidence he invited the professor to sit opposite him at a little table and have some tea. Now, the Sultan does not take sugar, so he forgot to offer his visitor any. The bowl was at the Sultan's elbow, but the professor was not used to asking monarchs to wait on him. Still he could not drink the tea as it was, and he leaned over the table to reach for the sugar. All in a flash the Sultan was on his feet, his hand in his

pocket, his face pallid. The gesture of the harmless old savant looked to him like assassination.

Study What You Most Affect.

Scientists now acknowledge that education has most effect upon mediocre minds. It can do a great deal with them, less for those that are defective and still less for those highly endowed; for talented persons, even though they may receive all the usual courses of intellectual training, usually educate themselves. They gain their most valuable education through the exercise of their strongest faculties. Work is their tutor and self-direction their college.

Parents and tutors need to have a care that their efforts to be helpful to children do not interfere with the natural development of their faculties. This is sometimes done through not recognizing their special abilities, quite frequently from a wish to fix their destinies in accordance with some conventional standard. We should study the individuality of our child from his birth, so we may avoid a wasteful employment of his energies in pursuits that are alien to his disposition and foreign to his needs.—Woman's Home Companion.

His Speech.

As a specimen of what candidates for parliamentary honors have occasionally to put up with from their “supporters” the following little incident is worth recording:

Visiting a north-country colliery during the men's dinner hour, a certain candidate was advised by his agent to ask “old Ben,” a supporter who happened to work at the pit, to say a few words to his mates.

After some little persuasion the old man acceded to the request, and this is what he said:

“Weel, mates, I ain't a-goin' ter tell ye as we're gotten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich things as a honest politician breathin'.” Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, an' I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This,” indicating the by no means comfortable candidate, “this is ‘im.”

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THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901.

The general celebration of the admission of California into the Union will be celebrated at San Jose this year. It promises to be one of the most magnificent celebrations in the history of the State.

Much of the interest in the coming race between the American and English yachts is abated by reason of the fact that there is no longer any material difference in the style or type of the competing yachts.

The Chinese Exclusion Act expires by limitation in May, 1902. Its re-enactment will be vigorously opposed, and unless the people of this coast combine and make a strong fight the doors will be thrown wide open and this country will be flooded with cheap Asiatic labor.

The argument of trade with China is the weapon that is being used against the re-enactment of the Exclusion Act. This argument ignores the principle of maintaining the American standard of wages. Manufacturers who enjoy the benefits of a tariff law which protects the products of their factories are willing and ready to refuse protection to American labor. That these manufacturers are shortsighted and working against their own interests is true, for the capacity of the American workman to consume is dependent upon the rate of wages he receives, and no loss of a certain home market can possibly be compensated by grasping at a foreign market which, at best is uncertain. It is next to useless, however, to urge this or any other argument in this crisis. Action, not argument, is the thing needed. Let every man, be he a workman or not, join in the demand on Congress for the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion law.

The business men and good people of this little burg complain now and then about the town being slow and times dull. Grumbling won't improve matters. The only thing that will put life into the town and its trade is live people who will pull together and pull for their town. The citizen who buys his groceries or other goods in the city rather than at home helps to make times bad and the town slow. The same is true of the citizen who gets his house built or other work done by non-resident mechanics or workmen. The man who lets his house go without paint, who never plants a tree, or shrub or flower on or about his grounds, is another. This town will improve and have life when all its people take a live interest in its welfare and not before. So long as we decline to help ourselves by helping our town, and wait for the Land and Improvement Company to do this and perfect that before moving a finger ourselves, so long will the town be slow.

These remarks are not inspired by any disposition upon our part to kick or find fault. Were such the case we might point to the fact that with about thirty business houses in the town the local paper and the only paper here has just nine regular standing advertisements from our business men. Of course, we would like to have thirty instead of nine, but this article is not written to ask for ads. from those who have not seen fit to advertise their business. Its purpose is to arouse interest among our citizens and get them to pull together and pull for the town.

When they get that spirit aroused in them we will get their ads. all right enough.

Too Smart.

"Hub!" exclaimed Mr. Rox after reading his morning mail. "Our boy's college education is making him too smart."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox.

"I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes, 'Dear father, I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"

HE COWED THE LION.

THE DARKY BELTED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF MONARCH.

Laughable Manner in Which the Big and Ugly Circus Animal Was Returned to the Showman After a Railroad Smash Up.

"It's queer how animals will act in a railroad wreck," said the boss canvasman. "Now there was th' Saberee wreck. Six cars was in th' ditch an' half o' th' show's dens was under 'em. There was one cage o' monkeys mashed flat that we knowed of, an' a lot o' th' other animals had took t' th' woods, little animals, zebras an' wolves an' deer an' such like. Nothin' t' do any harm except th' big lion, Monarch. His den was bottom up in a little puddle o' ditch water, with a hole stove in it big enough t' let out a cow, an' Monarch himself was gone with the little animals."

"Well, it was all off with makin' th' stand that day, so we put up th' runs, got th' cookhouse outfit down on th' ground, had breakfast an' started in t' dig th' stuff out o' th' ditch. Th' railroad company's wreckin' crew come along t' help us, an' we'd got purty well under way when a tall, black buck darky come out o' th' woods an' stood round rubberin'."

"Nobody paid any attention t' him fer awhile, but by'n'y Mack, th' chandler man, spoke t' him, kind o' kidded him about bein' han'some, or some such guff. It was Missouri, an' he was a real black buck. Didn't have anything t' say back—didn't say anything at all, in fact, fer awhile. Jes' shuffled round in his cowhide boots from one foot t' th' other an' grinned bashfullike. By'n'y when he saw we didn't roast him hard he kind o' took courage."

"Did any o' you gemmen lose a giraffe?" he says.

"Giraffe?" Mack says. "No; we never owned no such thing with this trick. Why?"

"Well, boss, Ah done foun' somethin' up in mah 'fatto patch this mawnin', an' Ah 'lowed as maybe hit 'longed t' you all."

"Mack got interested. 'Wot does it look like?'"

"Lawdy, boss, hit's mos' monstrous. Nevah did see no sech ole thing befoh, sah. Big cat vahnint, with yaller eyes, an' hit done come a-snabl'n an' a-spittin' at me soon as Ah got out o' 'baid'."

"Where is it?" says Mack.

"Oh, Ah cawt hit all righty. Done put a rope round' hits neck an' tied hit t' mah cabin'."

"Go an' git it an' fetch it down here," says Mack. Then th' wreckin' crew got a tackle run' another den, an' we forgot all about th' darky."

"Maybe it was 20 minutes, an' maybe it was half an hour when we heard a noise over on th' road amongst th' trees—a noise kinder like a nigger drivin' a mule or like somethin' bein' driven. It come nearer an' louder an' louder an' nearer. Everybody stopped work an' listened, an' th' ole man himself come out o' his car with his napkin hangin' round' his neck."

"What is that?" he pipes up in his snappy way. "Who is that out there? Go an' see what that racket is, some o' you boys. Hurry up, now."

"Nobody paid any attention t' him, an' th' noise got nearer an' nearer. In a couple o' minutes a cloud o' dust sailed out from behind th' trees. When it got within a hundred yards o' th' track, it cleared up a bit, an' there was that big, black nigger with a rope in one mit an' a piece o' fence rail in th' other. On th' other end o' th' rope was Monarch."

"Of all th' mean, sneakin', under-handed cat animals that ever traveled with a circus Monarch was th' worst an' a powerful fighter when he had any sort o' show. Sometimes we'd put our hands on th' canvas cover o' his cage when he had t' run over th' train, an' there never was a time, day or night, that he hadn't a slap ready fer you."

"Well, that darky was a-lamin' him with his chunk o' fence an' talkin' mule talk t' him wuss than anything you ever saw in th' south."

"C'm on 'long heah, you yaller eyed devil," he was sayin'. "Ah don't know what you is, but you ain't goin' snabl' ner spit at me, nohow. C'm on 'long theh, you big sassy vahnint, an' with that he'd lam him with his piece o' fence an' let drive with his cowhide boots."

"An you kin bet your life Monarch was a-comin'. I never saw a critter so cowed as he was. Why, when that nigger brought him right in amongst us there was nobody that took th' trouble t' open up a gangway, an' I reckon any young one could 'a' took him by th' scruff o' th' neck an' turned him over on his back. He was jest a great, overgrown pet tomcat, with all th' fight an' meanness walloped out o' him."

"We'd yanked his den up on to th' road bed with th' hole in th' end butted against a wagon. Th' door was open, an' when Monarch saw his happy little home waitin' there fer him he jerked th' rope out o' th' darky's hand an' bolted inside it. He couldn't get fur enough inside, either—went away up in th' fur corner an' tried t' hide. Saberee shut th' door an' spoke to him, but Monarch was th' worst whipped cat animal you ever saw."—New York Sun.

Remarkable Streets.

Washington has a street 17½ miles in length; it is the longest in the world. The shortest street is the Rue Ble, Paris, which is barely 20 feet long. The widest street is Market street, Philadelphia; the narrowest, the Via Sol, Havana, which is only 3½ feet wide. The highest street is Main street, Denver, Colo.; the lowest street, which is below the level of the sea, Main street, Georgetown, British Guiana. The cleanest street is Regent street, London; the dirtiest, Tchong-Tse street, Nankin.—London Tit-Bits.

Tenacity of Racial Instincts.
The white rat, in comparison with his wild congener, is somewhat less vigorous and hardy and has sloughed off some of the timidity and suspiciousness of the wild rat. On the other hand, his senses, with the exception of sight, are as keen, his characteristic rat traits are as persistent, and his mental adaptability is as considerable. In view of the many generations of luxurious idleness of the white rat, this profound and enduring nature of specific psychic traits is striking.

A pertinent illustration was furnished by a young rat that escaped from his cage and was loose about the laboratory for several days. He had just been weaned when the accident occurred. Food was rather scarce, and he got hungry. Finally one morning he found his way into the chicken pen and in less than two minutes had killed two chickens and was upon a third when discovered. The chickens were three times as large as himself. The killing was done by biting through the throat of the victim and was as neatly and deftly done as if the executioner were an old hand.

The importance of this illustration lies in the fact that this is exactly the method of killing employed by rats. The only possible preparation in his experience this pygmy could have had for such serious business must have been in play with his fellows. That, at best, was of slight importance, as he had reached the playing age but a few days before.—W. S. Small in American Journal of Psychology.

How High Was the Tower of Babel?

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the Tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of mere conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each 75 feet in height, but whether this rule was the remains of the Tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these 75 foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about 12 miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.

Bill Nye on Life Insurance.

The late Bill Nye's indorsement of life insurance is probably the most characteristic paragraph to be quoted from his writings:

"In these days of dynamite and swift changing presidential administrations and dark tunnels through which an engineer goes groping his way at 25 miles per hour, these days of tumbling signs of the times and tippy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairers; these days when the politician and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull lie down together under the influence of the same stimulant; these days when death lurks in the air we breathe, the water we tread, the food we eat, the earth—the water we bathe in—I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these presents may come that since I became fully insured my health has improved so much that it is a subject for profound congratulation on my own part and the deepest disgust on the part of those who would naturally inherit my vast wealth."

Out of It.

A large number of collars in Lancashire are accustomed to spending a portion of each week in the public house, instead of following their work regularly, and thus not having more than two or three days a week to draw for at pay day.

The mother of one of these men, on being told of 5 per cent advance in wages, asked her neighbor the meaning of 5 per cent.

Her friend replied: "Why, Mrs. Hodson, dost not know? It means as every toime they gettin' a peund they'll get 21 shillings for it."

"Oh, dear me," Mrs. Hodson returned, "it'll mak' no difference to our Jerry; he never gets a peund!"—Spare Moments.

Concession to Superstition.
"Thirteen dollars and a half seems a high price for such a comparatively short trip," said the man with the traveling bag in his hand.

"We thought people would rather pay that than \$13," replied the agent of the steamer line with an explanatory and apologetic cough.—Chicago Tribune.

Trouble Either Way.

Mrs. De Good—Why aren't you going to church?

Mr. De Good—Last Sunday the roof leaked, and three or four drops went down my back.

Mrs. De Good—The roof has been repaired since then.

Mr. De Good—Hub! Then they'll be wanting money to pay for the repairs.—New York Weekly.

Steered Straight.

"If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolgers, "I'd propose tomorrow."

"Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick coyly.

The affair will take place in about a month.—Detroit Free Press.

AN OCEAN CEMETERY.

THE MOST DEADLY TRAP FOR SHIPS IN ALL THE WORLD.

Bare, Bleak and Treeless Quessant, the Notorious Island of Terror, and the Awful Forests That Supply It With Wood in Plenty.

Far out in the Atlantic ocean, off the northern French coast, almost due west from Brest, lies a great rocky island that is one of the most deadly traps for ships in all the world. It is the island of Quessant, the notorious Ile de l'Epouvante, the island of terror. Bare, without a tree to break its monotony, it lies in the path of the ships seeking the English channel. If they steer too far north, the hundred shoals and reefs of the British coast open their jaws for them. If they sail too far south, Quessant reaches for their bones.

Bleak and far away from any other land as the island of terror is, it still has its population. What mysterious thing is it which attracts that population and makes it cling? The infrequent visitor sees funny flocks of little sheep, scarcely twice as large as hares. He sees small herds of rough coated ponies almost as tiny as the sheep. These are the only signs of productive industry to be seen. There is fishing, of course, but fishing can be prosecuted better from the mainland, with less risk and a more convenient market.

What is the mysterious attraction, then? So asked Alexander Shuette, the traveler, when he made his way from the coast of Brittany to Quessant. The answer came, at least in part, one evening when a great storm swept in from the Atlantic and beat at the shores with unexampled fury.

He says: "The daughter of my hostess led me up the narrow staircase to my room. As I ascended I noticed, without remarking the oddity of it at the time, that the staircase was of shining oak. I was ushered into my room, a large, low chamber, completely paneled from top to bottom. Putting the lamp on a huge oak table that shone like a mirror, she said:

"If you should need more firewood, monsieur, you will find it in the next room. Do not spare it. It is bitter cold, and there will be more than enough firewood in Quessant in two or three days. Good night."

"I sat down before the blazing fire and prepared for a cozy evening. The storm raged in the narrow streets of the little village. The surges thundered against the granite breast of the coast like endless artillery fire, and sometimes I imagined that the very island trembled under the onslaught of the hundreds of millions of tons of water."

"As I sat listening I gazed into the flames. The wood struck me as strange. And then I wondered. On the entire island there is not a single tree, and yet I had been told not to spare firewood. 'There will be more than enough in two or three days.'"

"I arose and opened the door into the next room. That room was possibly 20 feet high and was filled almost to the top with timber. First with wonder, then with growing awe, I gazed at the piles of wood. Truly she was right, the little maid, when she said that one need not be economical with firewood on the island of Quessant. There were timbers of every shape—splintered masts and spars, planks from decks and sides, remnants of a steering wheel, benches from the fore-castle, yellow, black, brown, white and red woods, even two figureheads, some bright, as if they were new, some crust with shells and hung with seaweeds. In the entire room there was not a piece of wood that did not come from some wrecked ship."

"When I returned to my room, I took the lamp and examined the place closely. I noticed a strange, delicate, yet very insistent fragrance—sandalwood. Thick wooden pillars supported the ceiling. They were of a beautiful dull black—ebony, as I lived. The panels were rosewood, mahogany and cedar. Even an unpracticed eye could see that all these precious woods once had ornamented the cabins of noble ships. The heavy carved chairs, the polished oaken table, even the bed in which I was to sleep, all came from shipwrecks."

"Now I understood the meaning of the words 'stand rights.' In favor of this island, far away from the world and murderous for the ships that tie the world together, Æolus, with his bride of the winds, is more fruitful than is Ceres to the mainlands, with her harvest moon and her blessings of fruit. The blessings of Quessant come from the gale."

"The forests of Quessant! Are there such others in the entire world, so unique, so terrible? This forest, instead of trees, has the mighty masts of ships. In that tremendous forest are the oaks and pines of Canada and Maine, the cypress of Florida, the baobabs of Africa, the teak of Hindustan, the ebony and sandalwood of South America. The awful forests of Quessant form the visible apex of a vast cemetery that stretches from New York to Cape La Hague."

A New Excuse.

One of the men in a large pottery took two or three days' holiday now and again, and when he came back, on being asked what was wrong, he said he had been away burying his grand-mother.

He did this two or three times, and then he thought he had better change his excuse, so, on being asked the next time, he replied:

"Well, my brother, the sailor, is at home just now, and he is so used to the sound of the waves that I had to lash pulvis of water on the window all night before he could sleep, and then I had to sleep during the day."

Pingree and Mosby.

When Hazen S. Pingree was coming into prominence in Michigan politics, he was in Washington one night and strolled through the corridors of Willard's hotel, which he had not visited since war times, when it was the popular rendezvous of the city, political, military and otherwise. A friend introduced him to Colonel Mosby, the old guerrilla chieftain.

"Why, hello, colonel," said Pingree in his bluff, offhanded way, just as if he was in the habit of meeting Mosby every day. "I have not seen you for 25 years, but I remember very well the last occasion when we met."

"Ah," said the Virginian politely, "what incident recalls it to your mind? I really fail to remember you, much to my regret."

"Oh, well," said Pingree, "you would not be so apt as I to remember the day. I was captured by your men, and, happening to be wearing a very good, nearly new uniform, you confiscated it on the spot and gave me your old ragged butternuts. But that's all right. All's fair in love and war, I know. Let's have a cigar."

Without a word of protest Mosby accepted, and a long friendly chat followed.

Why She Was Mad.

One morning in kindergarten a wee mite of womanhood had been trying to attract the teacher by every resource of which she was capable without directly saying she had something to tell. Finally the young girl went over and sat beside her, whereupon little Rachel flounced her skirts, puckered up her forehead and, clenching her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, but I'm mad!"

The teacher was surprised, for Rachel had seemed to be laboring under a delightful secret. "And why is little Miss Sunshine angry?" asked the instructor.

"Well, everybody was mad at our house this morning. Mamma scolded Sister Jane, and auntie scolded mamma, and papa said, 'Oh, darn!' and left the table, so I guess I can be cross too!"—Motherhood.

A Remarkable Suicide.

One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the king of Palaha, on the west coast of Africa.

The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and, finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew into atoms the palace and all who were in it.

Light on a Great Question.

"It is my opinion," said one sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"Yes," answered the other, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."—Washington Star.

Tiresome.

"I'm so tired," she sighed to the woman next door.

"What doing?"

"I've been the last four hours at the photographer's having an instantaneous picture of the baby taken."—Exchange.

Howitzers are steel breechloading weapons weighing 2,500 pounds and having a length of 6 feet 10 inches.

FLOWER AND TREE.

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

Seven-year-old tea plants yield four ounces of leaves apiece, or 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

New Zealand has in its edelweiss a plant differing but slightly from the famous Swiss variety.

An oak tree at 100 years averages 41 inches in diameter, a larch 40 inches, an elm 50 inches and a yew 9 inches.

A white pine tree 20 years old ought to be about 25 feet high, and at 30 or 40 years of age it ought to measure about 60 feet.

The pest of British Columbia forests is a plant called the devil's club. It has spikes which, when they enter the flesh, break off and produce poisoned wounds, which fester.

Wore His Old Hat Home.

They were talking about getting bald. "Men wear their hats too much," the doctor was saying. "I have noticed that a great many business men wear them in their offices. The head should be kept bare as much as possible." "My partner always wears an old straw hat around the store," replied a Market street merchant. "He wears this in winter as well as in summer, or at least he did until last winter, when he had an experience that cured him of it."

"One very cold afternoon he left the office early, and as he walked briskly through the street he noticed in a rather absentminded way that he was attracting considerable attention. People turned and looked after him and laughed. It was not until he had walked five or six blocks that he realized what it all meant. He met a lady of his acquaintance, and when he went to raise his hat he found that he was still wearing the old straw one, having forgotten to change it when he left the office. Fortunately there was a hat store near by, and he went in and bought one more suitable to the season."—Philadelphia Record.

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another sixpence when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy, he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

A Great Man.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations, while they must make painful corrections and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. *** He is a great man who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

He Took It.

Host—So sorry you have to be going. Guest—Indeed, I am too. By the way, I'm not sure about my train. It's 9 something, but—

Host's Eldest—It's 9:32. Pa said he hoped you'd take that one.—Philadelphia Record.

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TOWN NEWS.

Advertise your business. Don't grumble or gossip. Buy or build your house. Busy times at the pottery. Plenty of work doing at Fuller's. Full force working at the packing house.

Paid subscriptions to the Enterprise will not be declined.

Chris Hynding of Redwood City paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Frank Murray has removed to one of the Benjamin cottages on Lux avenue.

Supervisor Julius Eikerenkotter made a trip to San Jose on business Tuesday.

Ed Schultheis has moved from a Company cottage to one of the Benjamin cottages.

If you do not believe the People's Store sells goods at city prices try it and be convinced.

Joe Piava has removed from the Patterson cottage to the Blasch house on Juniper avenue.

John Brandrup is putting his house on San Bruno avenue into fine condition and will shortly move.

Mrs. W. S. Taylor left on Wednesday for Fort Bragg, Mendocino county, on a visit to her son, George Taylor.

Mr. D. Palanay has the new house of Mrs. A. Sagala nearly completed. Mrs. Sagala has already moved in.

The Phoenix Savings Building & Loan Association of San Francisco have made a loan to Rudolph Gollnik on his Grand avenue property.

Dave Sheerin returned from McNutt's hospital last week, at which place he had a large tumor removed from his lower jaw by Dr. Plymire.

Let our people get ready to organize a real and effective fire department. There should be unanimous approval of the movement in this direction.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter has a force of men at work putting in the bulkhead along the San Bruno Road to protect the road from ravages of the waters of the bay.

The fire district petition from this town was duly filed before the Board of Supervisors on Monday and will be taken up at the next meeting of the Board September 2d.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

W. D. Crow, formerly of the Redwood City Democrat, has purchased the Siskiyou News and gone to Yreka, Cal., to take charge of his new journalistic investment.

New seats have been added at the school house to make room for the increased number of pupils. It is only a question of a short time until more school room will have to be provided.

Mrs. E. Schultheis, who has been at Dr. McNutt's hospital, San Francisco, Cal., under the skillful care of Dr. Plymire, is rapidly improving and will soon be able to return home.

The automobile ordinance adopted by the Board of Supervisors last Monday, limits the speed of the autos to fifteen miles an hour on open stretches of road, but must be slowed up on nearing any vehicle.

This year's general celebration of Admission Day will be held at San Jose September 7, 8 and 9. The Garden City has made great preparation and will acquit herself with flying colors.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter has broken the record in the First Road District by having money in the fund on the first day of August. This is the first time in twenty years there has been a dollar left in the road fund on August 1st.

A fire started in the Company's mountain field Monday and burned over about ten acres. It was extinguished by a party of boys from our public school. Such boys will become the future firemen of our town and good ones, too.

A man named Joe Williams was recently sentenced to five years' imprisonment for a burglary committed in San Francisco, and upon the statement of one of our citizens we said the man was Joe Williams, who formerly lived here. This was a mistake which we hasten to correct. Mr. Ed Farrell has just received a letter from Joe Williams, formerly of this place, who is at Orland, Cal., and intends going up to Lake county.

Mrs. Flora A. Werner was the pleased victim of a really surprising surprise party on Tuesday. Mrs. Werner understood that Mrs. W. J. Martin was to be surprised and that the ladies would meet at Mrs. Werner's preparatory to taking Mrs. Martin unawares, but upon reaching Mrs. Werner's the ladies removed their wraps, deposited their estates, etc., and took possession and kept it.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

It is to be regretted that Warren does not compel his paymasters to wear a uniform. The same, for instance, as the Southern Pacific conductors, brakemen and "peanut butchers," or say a San Francisco policeman's uniform would do, if nothing else was handy. Any old thing would be better than the system practiced at the present time. And, then again, it would avoid a great many mistakes, so thinks Claude Pollard. Now, Claude is a nice young man; so much so, that the girls all say that Claude does not smoke, drink or chew tobacco. And, of course, this being a fact, does make Claude a model young man, but does not prevent him from being a little over zealous in regard to receiving his monthly pension from C. A. Warren's office. Thursday, August 20th, was pay day at the San Bruno quarry, and as usual, the paymaster hove in sight. But Claude got mixed in the shuffle when Hoffman dealt the cards. This being Claude's first regular pay day on the works, it will not surprise anyone to know that he was not thoroughly acquainted with the gentleman who carries half of the American Trust Company's money around with him, to pay Warren's working force. At any rate, a Jew peddler stopped to rest his jaded horse in front of the wharf scales, when Hoffman gave Claude the cue "there's the paymaster." In the meantime the Jew had once more started on his weary way, but came to a sudden halt when he heard some one calling at the top of his voice. As Claude approached him, all out of breath, exclaiming: "Are you the paymaster?" the Jew rubbed his hands, and with an exultant and expectant smile, said: "Ah, yes! my friend, I have just what you want. I have two pair for fifteen cents and if you want four pair, I sell them to you; nobody else could get dem for twenty-five cents. Vat—vat—you don't want dem; vell vat do you want?" The last words heard by Smith on the wharf came from Claude, "Oh! d—, you."

Four hundred tons of fire clay was the record for last week from Warren's clay pit.

More good news for the San Bruno push. Warren has another contract for 20,000 tons of big rock. Hurrah! for Warren.

A car loaded with big rock went overboard at the quarry wharf Monday night.

No more dumping of garbage in San Mateo county. Our Supervisor is certainly going to take good care of us in the future. Thanks, very much.

The San Bruno scribe is most too busy to scribe much, as he is in the windmill business at present.

If W. F. Bailey will deliver the pot of red paint he promised W. R. Markt, Markt will promise to paint his tank red, but not with vino.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

J. J. Casey has returned from a visit to his ranch at San Ynez.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Easton have returned from their northern trip.

Miss Rose Kerr has gone to her old home in Canada, in which place she will reside permanently.

H. Montgomery of Ocean View has leased the Chesley farm, north of town, and is going to convert it into a nursery.

George Gouzenes is erecting a large barn back of his saloon. It is his intention to shortly build a home near by.

Jimmie Healy, who made his home with T. Masterson at the San Bruno House for the past two years, died at the home of his parents in Quebec, Canada, on the 13th. He had been an invalid for several months past and feeling death creeping on asked to be taken to his old home to die. Mr. Masterson made the journey with him some weeks ago. He was a popular young man and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.—Leader, San Mateo.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. In the absence of Chairman McEvoy, Supervisor Debenedetti was chosen chairman.

A petition signed by fifty residents and taxpayers of South San Francisco was read, asking for the appointment of D. O. Daggett, William Rehberg and W. J. Martin to constitute a board of fire commissioners to establish a fire district. The petition was referred to the Assessor to report at next meeting of the board.

The joint quarterly statement of the Auditor and Treasurer was presented and read. The report was accepted and ordered published.

A communication was read from the Board of Supervisors of Santa Clara county, enclosing a copy of the automobile ordinance, recently passed by that board. The communication was filed.

The automobile ordinance presented at the last meeting was taken up and discussed at length. Mr. Dimond, representing the California Automobile Club of San Francisco, addressed the Board and asked that the rate of speed to be allowed be first considered. He said that the Santa Clara Supervisors had permitted ten miles an hour within crowded districts and placed no limit on the speed outside of such sections; San Francisco had fixed the speed at eight and twelve miles. He thought San Mateo county could allow as much latitude as Santa Clara, especially in those parts of the county which were not thickly settled. They should be allowed to propel their machines at a rate of speed at least not less than that allowed drivers of fast horses. The club itself had adopted the strictest regulations regarding the use of mountain roads by its members which would afford ample protection to drivers of horses.

The ordinance, after some amendments was then offered by Coleman and was unanimously adopted.

The maximum speed allowed by the ordinance is fifteen miles an hour. Upon approaching a vehicle drawn by horses, or pedestrians leading horses, and when 500 feet therefrom the operator of an automobile must slow down to six miles an hour until such vehicle or pedestrian and horse have been passed; and, if required, he must cause the automobile to be brought to a standstill and to remain so until all danger of frightening animals has passed.

The automobilists are also required to carry bells, gongs or horns, and at night must be equipped with a light.

George C. Ross appeared before the board and asked that some action be taken upon the claims of Dr. Barret, amounting to \$151.50, his salary as health officer for three months. His term of office having expired last year before he was reappointed, the question was raised as to their legality. The matter will come up for discussion at the next meeting.

Plans and specifications for a concrete bridge in the second township were presented by Engineer Bromfield, the total cost of which is not to exceed \$4067. On motion of Coleman the plan was adopted as presented.

The board was notified by Clerk Schaberg that the parties dumping garbage in the first township was the Mission Scavenger club. He had notified the club to discontinue the nuisance but had received no answer from them.

Eikerenkotter stated that he would take steps to abate the nuisance by having the guilty parties arrested.

At the suggestion of Eikerenkotter the Clerk was instructed to notify the railroad company of its failure to put up alarm bells at the Colma crossing.

The Clerk was also directed to inform the agents of the companies which had insured the county farm buildings that an additional structure was about to be erected at that place.

W. S. Martin, agent for the Stempel Fire Extinguisher, appeared before the board and quoted prices of his machine should the board agree to install that class of fire protectors at the county farm. On motion the matter was submitted to the superintendent.

The board adjourned to Monday, September 2d.

San Jose, August —, 1901.

At the meeting of the General Committee on the Celebration of California's Admission Day, held last night, the general plans for the festivities were finally decided on. The original plans of the committee have been considerably enlarged as reports show that a much larger crowd than was expected is coming. Over 20,000 people are expected to visit San Jose during its three-day carnival in honor of the State's birthday. The program as at present outlined will open with a magnificent welcome night on the evening of Saturday, the 7th. As the excursions arrive from all points, east, south and north, they will be side-tracked at the Market street depot when the members will form into a line of parade and be escorted to the various headquarters. The rest of the evening will be given over to the visiting parlor who will entertain with receptions of various kinds. On Sunday the annual barbecue will be held, the afternoon and evening being devoted to sacred concerts. Monday will have the dance, literary exercises and ball.

Moonlight Dance, at Sierra Point House (10 Mile House), San Bruno Road, will take place Saturday, August 31, 1901. Fine chicken supper will be served at 50 cents per head. All kinds of refreshments. Good floor, good music. Dancing all night. L. L. Smith, proprietor.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

An Act of Gratitude.

A gentleman saved the life of a clothes dealer who had been capsized in a boat. The latter was profuse in his thanks and said to his rescuer: "I see that you have spoiled your clothes on this auspicious occasion. Allow me to take the opportunity of handing you my business card. Ten thousand elegant summer suits at 40 marks!"—File-gende Blatter.

READ THIS NOTICE.

\$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of \$25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post-office.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable native steers strong and in demand. Others lower. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices. HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8@9.50; 2d quality, 7.50@8.50; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6.50@7.50; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6@6.50; thin Cows, 4.50@5.50.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6.50@6.75; over 250 lbs, 5.50@6; rough heavy hogs, 4.50@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3.50@4; h.w.s., 3.50@3.75; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 4.50@4.50 per lb live wt.

CATTLE—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5.50; over 250 lbs, 4.50@4.75.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6.50c; second quality, 6@6.50c; first quality cows and heifers, 5.50@6; second quality, 5.50c; third quality, 4.50@5.50c.

VEAL—Large, 7@8c; small, good, 9@9.50c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8c; Ewes, 6.50@7.50c; Suckling Lambs, 8@8.50c.

BACON—Hogs—Hard, 9@9.50c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 10.50c; Atlanta ham, 10.50c; New York, shoulder, 10.50c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12.50c; clear light, 13c; clear ex. light, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

BOXES—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11.50c; do, Bellies, 11.50c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.50; hf-bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are \$1 lb: Tes. 34-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7.50 7.50 7.50 7.50 8.50 Cal. pure 10.50 10.50 10.50 10.50 11.50 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.30.

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Redwood City, Cal.

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Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

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Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

First-Class Stock

Boots: and: SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

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Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace

Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairs Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

THE KEEPERS OF THE SEAL.

I sing the song of labor, of the lowly
smelling soil,
The whirling of the spindle and the
whirring of the wheel;
The hand that guides the plowshare and
the rugged son of toil—
The sinews of the country and its weal.

For the pulses of the Nation beat within
the sturdy arms
That are bared before the anvil, or they
wear a humble guise;
And the sentinels of liberty, the shields
from war's alarms,
Are wholesome hearts and honest seeing
eyes.

Those who feel the sweat of labor ere
they break the wage of bread,
Nor covet goods beyond the pale that
bounds an honest reach;
But give to God the glory, and the thanks
that they are fed,
And rather live a principle than preach.

Ah! God of Heaven, pity for the chilling
drops that creep
In tortuous threads, where living
strength should swell the Nation's
veins;
The sloth that cumbers progress, and the
useless drones who-steep
The curse that follows idle hands and
brains.

I sing a song of labor, for the keepers
of the seal,
For a new day broke in radiance on the
wardens of the land;
Clearer thought to those who ask it,
heaping store to those who kneel;
To the sons of stalwart heart and
honest hand.
—Youth's Companion.

CECILIA'S ROMANCE

ALWAYS thought that fate had reserved me for better things," sighed Cecilia Maynard, as she sat on the Spa at Seamount and watched the fashionable crowd drift idly to and fro, "and now—and now—"

"And now," said her friend, Mrs. Melville-Graham, putting the obvious finish to the broken sentence, "you know it."

Cecilia Maynard was the beauty of the family. That is not saying much for her, but she thought it was, and so did the family. People are apt to set a fancy value on themselves. As a matter of fact, she was a pretty girl; neither more nor less—but her family thought her a beauty, and never tired of impressing the fact on her and on their friends. This pleased them and amused their friends, and hurt nobody but Cecilia. It is not a wise thing to persuade a girl that she is altogether superior to the state of life into which she has been called; but people are at times very unwise in their generation.

It was a sacred and jealously cherished belief in the Maynard family that Cecilia would make a brilliant match. They looked upon it as a certainty. They always said, "When Cecilia makes her grand marriage, we shall do so and so;" not "If Cecilia makes her grand marriage, etc., etc." Cecilia shared their belief, and wasted hours and hours in idle dreaming of the life that she would lead when the fairy prince had rescued her, like Cinderella of old, from her present surroundings.

Now at last the fairy prince had arrived on the scene, and this is the history of his coming.

Every year the Maynards were in the habit of spending a month at some fashionable seaside place, and this year they had chosen Seamount, and established themselves at the Regal Hotel, which is, as everyone knows, the most select in the town. Cecilia had six large dress baskets with her, and arrayed in their contents, she dazzled the Seamount world—or imagined that she did so, which, after all, was just as gratifying to her vanity. Imagination is a fearful and wonderful thing. She imagined herself the cynosure of all eyes, and the admired of all beholders, whereas, in reality, she was neither the one nor the other. If she had known that she would have been miserable; but she did not know it, and so she was happy. This is a strange world! When the Maynards had been at Seamount a week, a fresh arrival threw the Regal into a state of great excitement. As a rule, fresh arrivals were not much thought of there, for people were always coming and going; but this particular fresh arrival was something quite out of the common run. He—of course, it was a he—really deserves a descriptive paragraph all to himself.

To begin with, he was a very remarkable looking man, 6 foot 4, and broad in proportion; a magnificently built specimen of the human race. Then he had a most insinuating manner. He did not say so very much, but he looked volumes, and he had a trick of dropping his voice and murmuring confidentially into his neighbor's ear, that wrought great havoc in the ranks of the opposite sex. Added to that, he had a certain amount of swagger on, and threw his money about right and left with a lordly disregard for the principles of economy. His name was so fascinating, too, Auriel de Vismes. What woman could withstand such a name? It was all very well for Shakespeare to write:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet. But either Shakespeare left women out of his calculations or times have changed since his day. Auriel de Vismes would not have been half so interesting a personage if he had been called John Jones. Auriel de Vismes! It was so poetical, so refined and so mysterious. Who were the De Vismes, every-

body asked. But nobody knew. Everybody felt sure that they were somebodies, but nobody had ever heard of them. De Vismes himself gave no clue to his identity, though he made it plain that he was accustomed to what the penny-a-liners call "the highest grades of society." He talked casually of people whom he knew, mentioning well-known names in an off-hand manner that deeply impressed the Maynards and their set, but that was all.

Cecilia had a theory of her own. She was convinced that the distinguished stranger was a duke, or at the very least, the heir to a dukedom. The great point of women's theories is that they are seldom affected by such trivial details as facts and probability.

The growth of mutual love is, according to the poets and novelists, a beautiful thing; but it is not every one who has the privilege of beholding it. The inmates of the Regal Hotel were thus privileged, and it is to be hoped that they were appreciative.

Auriel de Vismes and Cecilia Maynard fell in love with one another, and the affair progressed rapidly up to a certain point. They walked together, talked together and drove together in a smart mail phaeton, with a pair of stepping cobs that De Vismes hired from the most expensive livery stables in the town. They were always accompanied by a discreet chaperon, for Seamount, as we all know, is a place given over to gossip and scandal. The discreet chaperon, however, was an adept in the art of effacing herself on occasion, and Vismes had plenty of opportunities of asking a certain tender question—if he had chosen to avail himself of them. But he did not choose to avail himself of them. That was the perplexing part of the whole matter. He made love to Cecilia, that is to say, he murmured confidential things, but there it ended. He did not progress beyond that point. Cecilia did her best to lead him in the way that she thought he ought to go, but all to no purpose. He looked love, but he did not speak of marriage.

And this unsatisfactory state of affairs lasted up to the end. De Vismes left the Regal one day as suddenly as he had come, and without committing himself in any way. True, he held Cecilia's hand for quite two minutes at parting, while he gazed eloquently into her eyes and murmured a hope that she would not forget him, but what was that? Poor Cecilia! The blow was a hard one. For three weeks she had thought of herself as an embryo duchess, and now she had to begin all over again and think of herself once more as the third Miss Maynard, with no prospects worth mentioning.

Mrs. Melville-Graham, who really felt sorry for her, was very kind. "It's a pity you're so romantic, Cis," she said practically, "but you're not altogether to blame for that. It's your family's fault, I'm afraid. They wouldn't let you be sensible. However, it's no good thinking about that now, we have other fish to fry. Things have gone against you, and you've got to face them and make the best of them. I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall come and spend the winter with me in town, and ten to one you'll meet somebody who will put Auriel de Vismes' image out of your silly little head. Cheer up, and buy some new frocks. You shall make your grand match yet."

But Cecilia shook her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "I shall never marry now," she sobbed. "I have lived my life and had my romance, and—and—it's very kind of you, Norah, but I would rather stay quietly at home."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Melville-Graham returned, imperturbably, "you haven't lived your life, and you are not going to stay quietly at home. You're going to spend the winter with me in town, and—who knows?—you may meet Auriel de Vismes again, and it may all come right in the end. The world is very small, you know, and the course of true love never runs smooth."

Mrs. Melville-Graham was a clever woman, and generally managed to gain her point. She gained it on this occasion.

Cecilia looked up and mopped her eyes.

"I'll come," she said meekly. "Thank you, Norah; it's very kind of you to trouble about me."

October saw her comfortably established in the Melville-Graham's luxurious home in Park Lane, and then began the round of winter gaieties. Mrs. Melville-Graham's set hardly consisted of the creme de la creme, but it was a very festive one. Entertainments and amusements of every kind followed one another in bewilderingly quick succession, and Mrs. Melville-Graham hoped that in the whirl Cecilia would soon learn to forget; but she did not. Auriel de Vismes was too striking and attractive a man to be easily forgotten by a romantic, impulsive, sentimental girl. Cecilia watched and waited, as many women have done before, and as many women will again, hoping for a sight of the man she loved; but she watched and waited in vain.

At last there came a day when she rushed into Mrs. Melville-Graham's room in a state of uncontrollable excitement.

"Norah," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "Norah, have you ever had a presentiment?"

Mrs. Melville-Graham looked up from the novel on her knees, and smiled her most practical smile.

"Never, my dear," she answered, "and if I had I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"Well, I have one now," Cecilia announced, in the same breathless tone, and then she struck quite a dramatic attitude. "I have one now," she repeated. "I have a presentiment that I

shall meet Auriel de Vismes to-night. I feel it—I know it! I shall meet him!" Mrs. Melville-Graham smiled again. "I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it," she replied, returning once more to her book; "I hope he will be able to give some satisfactory explanations of his conduct at Seamount, and I think you had better put on your new frock."

The Melville-Grahams' engagements for that particular evening numbered four, and included a dinner, two receptions and a dance. Cecilia's presentiment did not specify at which entertainment she was to meet her recalcitrant lover, but that was a detail.

The dinner, of course, came first on the list. It was given by Lord and Lady Clayburn, new acquaintances of the Melville-Grahams, and Cecilia arrived at their house in a state of nervous excitement that it took all her strength to control. The presentiment was growing stronger every minute.

The Melville-Grahams were the last to arrive, and Cecilia looked anxiously at the large party assembled in the drawing room, but he for whom she looked was not among them. It was a great relief to her overstrung nerves when the solemn butler announced dinner, and they all filed into the dining room.

Cecilia's cavalier was elderly, and his conversational powers were somewhat limited. He sounded his companion on one or two subjects, with very little result, and then took refuge in silence and the elaborate menu.

Left to her own devices, Cecilia began taking stock of the guests assembled at table. She was getting quite amused and interested in this occupation, when all at once a startling sound fell on her ears—a sound that thrilled her like an electric shock, and made her heart beat wildly.

It was Auriel de Vismes' confidential murmur. There was no mistaking it. She should have known it anywhere. De Vismes must be in the room, that was plain. But where? He was not at the table, and yet she could hear that never-forgotten murmur so plainly. It was coming nearer, too. What did it mean? What could it mean? Nearer and nearer. Now it was at her elbow.

"Turbot, ma'am?"

With a start of horror, Cecilia turned her head. There by her side stood a gigantic footman, a gorgeous, powdered fellow, resplendent in the Clayburn full-dress livery of crimson and gold, with plush knee breeches and white silk stockings. He held a plate in his hand, and his voice dropped to its most insinuating key as he began to repeat his question.

"Tur—"

At that point his eyes met Cecilia's. The next moment Lady Clayburn's pet footman, in a state closely bordering on apoplexy, was picking up fragments of the oldest Crown Derby in England.—London Truth.

The Duke of Wellington.

Wellington on one occasion started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at 7 a. m., rode to a place twenty-eight miles distant, here held a review, and was back at the place from which he had started for dinner between 4 and 5 p. m. He galloped twenty-six miles and back to see whether damage had been done to the pontoon train. He rode seventeen miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball, and supper; was in the saddle again at 3 a. m.; galloped back to Freneda by 6 and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at 6, and wrote till 9, and after dinner wrote again from 9 till 12.

It must be essential to every General, and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business, to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first-rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Brougham; so was Mr. Gladstone; so was Wellington. At Salamanca Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aid de camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitz Roy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down, and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face, and took a nap.—Goldwin Smith in the Atlantic.

Fashionable Chirography.

Glady's Helene Montague, her transparent gold ochre hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at her mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Glady's chirography was of the fashionable young ladies' seminary style, with three characters to perform the duties of twenty-six.

My Dearest Girl—Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare hope that you would stoop to bless such a I? I pray God that I may be worthy of you, my darling.

I long to press you to my heart. Ever
thine,
REGINALD.

My Dear Miss Montague—On Wednesday I sail for Europe. If at any time you should change your mind, a word from you will bring me to your side.

My address will be Brown, White & Co., London. Faithfully yours,
REGINALD FITZMAURICE.

Dear Glady's—After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers.

Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit the occasion.

I cannot stand this strain much longer.

Your anxious
—Detroit Free Press.

Many Miles of Hard Sledding.

The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 460 miles.

The man who sits down with folded arms and hopes is the biggest kind of a fool.

QUAINT, LOVABLE WOMAN.

Mrs. Kruger, "Oom Paul's" Devoted Wife, Who Died Recently.

The death at Pretoria of Mrs. Kruger, wife of ex-President Kruger, of the South African Republic, removed a



MRS. KRUGER.

picturesque figure from the world's stage. As the wife of the President of the Transvaal Republic, she was the first lady of the land, yet the wives of the common burghers on the great veldts were not as plain and unassuming as she. Frugal in her habits, Mrs. Kruger did much of her housework that she might save the expense of a servant. In her eyes her beloved husband was the greatest statesman in the world. While she admired his statescraft she mended his socks, cared for his wardrobe and sewed buttons on his clothing as though she had been the humblest wife in the Republic.

Through the thrift of this invaluable woman, it is claimed, Paul Kruger has been able to save \$25,000,000. Mrs. Kruger saw to it that the household always subsisted on the \$2,000 a year coffee money allowed by the Transvaal Republic, while his (the ex-President's) salary of \$35,000 was annually saved. On this coffee money foreign diplomats and distinguished personages were entertained and yet none ever left the hospitable old mansion hungry.

Mrs. Kruger never had more than three dresses at one time and they were invariably black. She was also satisfied with two hats, and one of her hobbies was that there should be no feathers on them as she held it a sin to kill birds for the sake of adorning hats. A quaint, old-fashioned, loving woman, Mrs. Kruger was the reflex of many of the characteristics of stern old "Oom Paul." The war with England was a great trial on Mrs. Kruger. Frequently she was heard bewailing the awful carnage and yet even in the midst of her sorrow for the fallen burghers she found eloquent words in which to express her sympathies for the British wives and mothers who had lost their dear ones on the broad veldts. Then, too, the long separation from her husband, combined with the recent death of her favorite daughter, completely broke the gentle spirit and the spark of a noble life went out.

Mrs. Kruger was "Oom Paul's" second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a family of prominence in South Africa and which gave to France one of the greatest princes of the church and State, the Cardinal Richelieu. Sixteen children blessed their union, 11 of whom are still living.

When ex-President Kruger was informed at Hilversum, in Holland, of his wife's death he wept bitterly and requested that he be left alone. Her son-in-law, Eloff, and many other members of the family were at Mrs. Kruger's bedside when she died.

SHE OUTWITTED DAN HANNA.

Mrs. Carrie May Harrington-Hanna, the divorced wife of Senator Mark Hanna's son, recently crossed the ocean, aboard the Campania, with her two boys, and thus cleverly outwitted the husband. Her former husband was



MRS. CARRIE HANNA.

seeking to gain possession of the children, and while he and detectives guarded the two entrances of the Savoy Hotel in New York she slipped out a rear exit—and, undiscovered, made her way to the ship Campania, where she locked herself and children in a state-room until the vessel started.

Too Hospitable.

How to stop the Indians of the South Dakota reservations from eating each other's food is an amusing but perplexing problem with which the Indian Bureau is now dealing. It is an unwritten law of Indian hospitality that a guest may stay as long as he likes, and that as long as the guest remains the host must provide the food. It has become the custom among the Sioux, who have a feast with their two-week ration as soon as they receive it from the Government, to go to the more provident Indians and live on them until all their food is gone.

Lighting Hawaiian Residences.

A unique feature of Honolulu dwellings is the provision made for lighting the exterior as well as the interior. Electric lamps are set in the masonry of the walls, thereby throwing a reflection both inside and on the lawns, where the residents spend most of their nights.

We admit that we can't admire the artistic beauty of a screen through wondering what is hidden behind it.

Topics of the Times

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has decided that the Governor has the right to veto in whole or in part any item of appropriation that the Legislature may make.

It was William Pitt who originated the income tax in Great Britain in 1798 as a war tax. The Napoleonic wars were fought with it. From that time to this it has been the resort of all ministries to meet war expenditures.

Competition of electric tramways is alluded to in many of the half-yearly reports of English railways as affecting short-distance passenger movement.

There will be between 50,000 and 100,000 additional acres of land devoted to rice culture in the South this year.

The heirs of a man who was recently murdered in western Kansas have offered \$500 reward for the capture and conviction of the murderer, adding the following significant clause to their advertisement: "Or we will pay the same amount if he is killed in resisting capture."

France still holds the record for national debt. She owes \$151 per capita. Great Britain stand second and owes \$91 per capita. Germany is third with a debt of \$60 per capita. The United States has the smallest debt of all the great nations and owes only \$28 per capita.

The Board of Ordnance has adopted a new magazine pistol which fires 110 shots per minute, as against forty fired by the best Colt revolver, which has been up to the present time the standard weapon of the army. The new pistol is also said to fire far more accurately than the Colt. It costs, however, \$15 when bought in lots of 1,000.

The fact that persons who fall great distances often lose their boots in the descent has not yet been explained. Perhaps the most recent case is that of Charles James of St. Agnes, who was unfortunate enough to fall a distance of 120 feet in Polbrean mine. During the fall both his boots (which had been tightly laced) came off and were discovered in the shaft fathoms above him.

Any man who plants oysters in Chesapeake Bay can realize 100 per cent profit annually. All that is needed is a sufficient amount of brains. There is a demand for a great many more oysters than are now produced here, and as many natural beds have become exhausted oysters must in time be cultivated in the Chesapeake Bay, just as they are now cultivated in Long Island Sound.

It is fifty years since Mr. Hargreaves discovered gold at the Ophir diggings, near Bathurst, Australia. Small quantities of gold had been observed in Australia previously, and Sir Roderick Murchison announced the probability of large gold discoveries in that country to the Geographical Society in 1845. But it was Hargreaves' find that created the well-known gold fever of 1851 and ended the depression from which Australia was then suffering.

Under a rule recently adopted by the Board of Education of New York City school children will no longer be allowed to give presents to their teachers unless the gifts shall be sent anonymously to the teachers' homes. The object of the new regulation is to put an end to favoritism in the public schools, charges having been made that certain teachers were partial to the children of well-to-do parents because of the presents which such youngsters brought them.

The municipality of Paris is experimenting with glass-paving material. A section of Rue du Havre has been laid with it as a test. It is pure glass subjected to a process called devitrification. The result is a hard, smooth, opaque, non-porous substance, which does not retain damp or odors. The inventors say that it combines the solidity of granite with the smoothness of asphalt. It is not affected by heat or cold. It, however, is expensive. Another drawback is its extreme resonance.

President Eliot of Harvard university has expressed his disapproval of the manner in which students are initiated into the secret societies of the university. "I think it very desirable," he said, "that all such initiations be wholly done away with. They are entirely inconsistent with the present conditions and standards of student life. The complete abolition of such transmitted follies must, however, proceed from the students themselves. The university should exercise its influence steadily with the students to abolish these practices, and the best influence that can exert is that exerted by its officers and friends."

COLORADO WAY WITH RATTLERS

Cowboy's Trick of Slicing Off a Snake's Head When It Strikes.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" asked a Colorado citizen now in town. "When I first went West I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in Southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, from the East, but no swell head about me. This saved me a lot of trouble. Among other things I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife, to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me."

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that

he dropped the game and used a gun forever after.

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his sombrero. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his bronco on a lope. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted.

"Fifty yards to our right was a rattler. It was trying to get away, but we headed it in an instant and were off our horses. It immediately coiled, and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went in on it. He reached the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing, upon the ground.

"Let's get to camp," said Dick. "It got me in the thumb."

"We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle and his knife in his other hand.

"If she begins to swell, off she comes," said he.

"We reached the ranch and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long 44."

SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Congregations Which Meet in Inns, Windmills and Boats.

A public house is one of the last places one would expect to be used as a place of worship. The inhabitants of Twyford, a village near Winchester, would not consider this at all a novelty, because for several years past the Phoenix inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people and opens at the back on to a pretty tea garden. The most remarkable feature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public house is open for business purposes and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theaters which are now places of worship, says the London Mail. The Fen district possesses a canal boat church. There are a large number of people who live some distance away from any church, and the canal boat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells was a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry, he comes out of the parish of Frant at Sussex. If he is going to officiate at the altar he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel of Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no land owner would grant any other position.

The "windmill" church, near Redgate, is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "ancient lights" difficulty the authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one they decided to "build down."

Beauty of the Greek Women.

Greek art, in current opinion, far surpasses in conception and execution all other art the world has produced. One is, therefore, not surprised to find that much modern literature and art is based on Greek ideals. Aside from direct influences which may be traced, literature and art abound in references to allusions to Greek life, thought and heroes—whether mythical or historical. Although woman played comparatively an insignificant part in Greek civilization, it is by no means an insignificant place which the women of Greece fill in modern literature and art.

The Greek women were beautiful, and that their beauty was highly appreciated there can be no doubt. Inasmuch as the Greek mind loved symmetry, form and beauty of person, especially when combined with strength and activity, made a powerful appeal to the senses. Greek art was accordingly based on similar principles.

The Greek woman was much in the open air, always finding active employment, never allowing time to become a burden. Her strength and freshness of body produced a sweetness of temper and soundness of mind which serve as a charming background for literary or artistic treatment. Not a vicious woman appears in either "Iliad" or "Odyssey." "Hellas," the later name for Greece itself, was originally applied to one section of the country as an epithet for "land of the beautiful women," beautiful both in physical and personal elements.—Chautauquan.

Income Tax in India.

The income tax in India is levied on all incomes of £33 and upward, and then only one man in 700 comes within its scope.

Cleopatra once dissolved a fortune in a glass of wine. Many others have dissolved fortunes in a similar manner.



Mrs. FRANK CARTER,
3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry faith and conviction to the hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sassafras Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—Mrs. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm guaranteed for Croup.

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

A TRUE FISH STORY.

The Peculiar Adventure of a Wedding Ring.

"About the queerest fish story I know of," said a highly truthful looking man—indeed, he was a clergyman—"happened to me at a little lake in Wisconsin, where I used to summer with my family. One day my wife was out in our boat with a party of friends. She was letting her hand trail in the water, without thinking about its shrinking effect, and when she finally took her hand in her wedding ring was gone. The lake was deep at that point, and although we made considerable effort to recover the ring it was not found.

"Naturally it worried her a good deal, and the next year she would not go back to the same place, nor did we go the following year, but the third year we went there again, and one day I was in the woods about a mile from the lake with my boy, trying to get a shot at some denizen of the forest or other. As we went peering around among the trees to get a squirrel we had seen I noticed something shining on a twig of a tree about 25 feet from the ground. I sent my boy up after it, and when he came back I was more than astonished to find that the shining thing was my wife's wedding ring.

"How it ever got there was a mystery at first, but I was not a believer in fairies and that sort of thing, so I began to investigate for material causes. The top of the tree had died, and with a suspicion in my mind I sent my boy up to see what signs might be above the green boughs. He called down to me presently that there were remains of a fishhawk's nest in the forks of the tree, and, putting this and that together, I came to the conclusion that the hawk had caught the fish that had gobbled up my wife's ring in the lake and had taken it to the nest for the young hawks. They didn't care for jewelry and had left that part of the fish in the nest, from which the nest was blown to pieces by the wind and beaten by the storms, the ring had dropped out and by chance had caught on the twig where I found it. In any event, if that was not the way it got there, how did it? For I surely was there, and my wife is wearing it today."—Exchange.

A Blunt Query.
A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle. "Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at all. What are ye goin' to put the folk?" "Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a very well the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular meenister?"

Running the Gantlet.
Running the gantlet as a military punishment was, it is said, originated by Gustavus Adolphus to punish thieves in his army. It was borrowed by the English from the Germans, who copied it from Gustavus, and, being employed in the British regiments in America, was readily taken up by the Indians of this country.

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin' down here drivin' a wagon, when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts, and I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you—" "Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!" "I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

The World's Space.

A statistician asserts that when 350 years shall have passed the density of the earth's population will be so great that each person will have only two-thirds of an acre, which space will have to suffice for all purposes—agriculture, roads, houses, parks, railways, etc. He estimates the present population of the earth at 1,600,000,000 and says that in 2250 it will be 52,073,000,000.

The Peanut.

In Tennessee and Georgia the peanut is known as a goober, in Alabama and the western gulf states a ground pea. In the southeast of the United States and in the West Indies a pindal or pindar and in various parts of England a jurnut, an earth nut or a manilla nut.

Slow Healing Sores

With rich, pure, strong blood one is never troubled with sores or ulcers. A cut or any injury to the flesh heals in a few days, nature supplying the healing balm in the form of healthy, new blood; but when the circulation is tainted with poisonous germs, humors or any effete matter, a slight scratch or abrasion of the skin becomes a festering sore, tiny pimples grow to be boils, swollen joints and inflamed glands often break out into offensive, slow healing sores. A polluted blood is always a menace to health; not only does it keep the skin in a chronic state of inflammation, but every organ and fibre of the body suffers from an impure and sluggish circulation. You never feel well, you are not and never can be well until the system is relieved of its terrible load of impurities. With the blood so contaminated, so deeply poisoned, ulcers, boils and sores of every kind are apt to become chronic and often develop into Cancer.

Sores and ulcers are most often caused by poverty of the blood and a weak and slow circulation, brought on by long continued sickness, malarial poisoning, torpid liver, the use of mercury, or whatever is calculated to destroy the vitality of the blood and break down the constitution. These old chronic sores last sometimes for years, eating into the flesh, muscles, tissues, and even down into the bones, and are such a tax upon the system that it is hard for the patient to recuperate, and a simple malady often proves fatal.

Nothing so quickly or surely restores lost strength and vitality to the blood as S. S. S. It is an antidote for the severest forms of Blood Poison, as well as the irritating humors that cause the eruptions and sores that sap your very life and so greatly disfigure you. S. S. S. is the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. It contains no mercury, potash, arsenic or other hurtful drug. It cleanses the blood and purifies the circulation, thus ridding the system of the impurities that keep the sores feverish and painful. At the same time your general health improves under the tonic effects of S. S. S., and the skin becomes soft, smooth and healthy. If you are troubled with boils, carbuncles, sores or eruptions of any sort, write our physicians all about your case; don't risk your own judgment when you can get medical advice from experienced doctors free. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases to all who desire it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Millet and "The Angelus."

It was only after long years of struggle and dire poverty, through which Millet was consoled and supported by his wife, that the peasant painter was able to take the three roomed cottage at Barbizon and "try to do something really good." It was then that he began to paint that most beautiful "poem of poverty," the "Angelus," which is today one of the most valuable pictures in the world. Again and again he threw aside the picture in despair of ever finishing it to his satisfaction, and as often his wife replaced it on the easel and induced him to continue.

On one occasion he was so incensed at not being able to produce a certain effect that he seized a knife and would have destroyed the canvas and ended the matter once for all had not his wife fortunately seized his hand and induced him to give the picture another trial. Thus it was that at last the "Angelus" found a place on the walls of the Louvre. The success it won encouraged Millet to paint many more pictures and thus place himself among the immortals in art.

First Public Pianist.

Of all the myriads who play the piano how many know that "Tom Bowling" Dibdin was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1767, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera."—Invention.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION
write to NATHAN BICKFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C. they will receive quick replies. 516 N. Y. St. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting Claims Since 1876.

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S. F. N. Y. NO. 34, 1901

PINK CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

Dogs and Somersaults.

As there is more than one way of cooking a goose, so there is more than one method of teaching a dog to throw somersaults. But the most practical and thorough manner is to fasten a cord around the body of the animal close to the forelegs, and two people should hold the ends of the cord on either side of the unfortunate dog.

A third party armed with a stout rope takes a position immediately in front of the canine acrobat and with a measured and masterly stroke flogs the floor at close quarters to the dog's nose.

At each stroke of the rope the dog springs backward, and that movement is the trainer's golden opportunity. As the dog spring backward the rope passing under its body is jerked upward, and, although the first few attempts may prove futile, the somersault is acquired in course of time. An intelligent dog soon sickens of this order of things and throws somersaults without the assistance of ropes.

Bottles.

In using bottles these two hints ought to be so borne in mind that the practice of them becomes habitual:

Always keep the label uppermost when pouring from a bottle, so that if any liquid trickles down the side the label misses it. Result—your labels keep clean and legible for much longer.

Secondly, if you want to deliver drops (or a very small quantity) of liquid just moisten the lip of the bottle with the finger.—Exchange.

For pimples, sallow complexion, impure blood and pure digestion use Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills. They improve complexion and cure constipation. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm saves Doctor Bills.

World to End This Year.

This is the recent decision of one of the prominent societies of the world, but the exact day has not yet been fixed upon, and while there are very few people who believe his prediction, there are thousands of others who not only believe, but know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness or liver and kidney troubles. A fair trial will certainly convince you of its value.

We often don't know how much a thing is worth to us till we ain't got it.

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins. Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency. It is time you were doing something.

The kidneys were anciently called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Advice to Students. The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical Stenographers is, in our judgment, the Galligher-Marsh, Parrott Building, S. F. Cal. Ernest A. Gurvitz, L. A. Washburne, N. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

Lots of folks like to get a fellow into trouble, an'th'en tell him it was all his own fault.

The Celebrated "Leaf Ant."

One of the oddest little creatures in all animal nature is the "leaf ant" of Central America. Although different species of this oddity are known to inhabit the American continent from Brazil to Mexico, the real home of the true leaf ant is in Nicaragua. To all outward appearances this little insect is a common ant, but one of gigantic size, it must be admitted, when compared with the ants of our temperate regions, being on an average over an inch in length. The habit for which these ants are so celebrated, and one which we could hardly believe were it not for the testimony of reputable naturalists, is that of carrying a leaf for a sunshade, just as our women and men carry parasols and umbrellas for the same purpose.

When at work, the leaf carrying ants look like a little army in which each individual member is protected from the sun's rays by a little banner of green. Another remarkable fact in connection with the leaf carrier is that only those at work carry the little leafy protection. When a long file of burden bearers have deposited their burdens, they discard their parasols and return for a load without the leaf which made them such conspicuous objects when on the "up trip."

Nothing at All.

Brown—There's a lady pianist at the circus who plays with her toes.

Jones—Umph! That's nothing; my baby does that.—Exchange.

CAUSE OF FALLING HAIR.

Dandruff, Which is a Germ Disease, Kills the Germ.

Falling hair is caused by dandruff, which is a germ disease. The germ in burrowing in to the root of the hair, where it destroys the vitality of the hair, causing the hair to fall out, digs up the cuticle in little scales, called dandruff or scurf. You can't stop the falling hair without curing the dandruff, and you can't cure the dandruff without killing the dandruff germ. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Newbro's Herpicide is the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ. Herpicide is also a delightful hair dressing.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, purify the blood. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

Mem. for Good Health.
Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

Pico's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Emsley, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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To protect your health and our reputation, we will gladly pay this big reward to any one who will furnish us information on which we can secure conviction of a dealer who tries to sell worthless fake imitations, when CASCARETS are called for. When you're offered something "just as good", it's because there is a little more money in the fake. Buy CASCARETS from the honest dealer. They are always put up in blue metal boxes with long-tailed trademark C on the cover—every tablet stamped C. C. C., and they are never sold in bulk. Remember this and whenever fakes are offered when CASCARETS are called for, get all the details and write us on the subject at once.

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THE TABLET

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith, and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied after using one 50c box, return the unused 50c box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Add: STRLING HENRY CO., New York or Chicago.

GUARANTEED TO CURE: all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, yellow complexion, nervousness, dizziness, all sorts of nervous prostration, all sorts of getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a scourge for the chronic, and many cases of poisoning that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and be full all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice! Start with CASCARETS today, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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